Yo, Federico Soto del Alba, el Amanuense de Vie.

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¿Quién soy como Profesional?

Una Presentación a Mi curriculum vitae.

Soy un intelectual atípico generalista con entrenamiento especializado de los que probablemente queden pocos en México y quizá, espero que no, en el Mundo.

Autónomo, independiente, motivado, generoso, compasivo, comprometido, responsable, tolerante, transigente, serio, formal, decente, justiciero desde chiquito, ético, buen amigo y compañero, apegado al Derecho: Humano Pues.

Además de mi Currículum Vital formal puedo contar que tengo la siguiente experiencia personal y profesional:

Fui niño con conexiones a la Calle y Sobreviviente de Abuso Familiar y Moral.

De niño fui miembro de la Delincuencia Organizada en el entonces Distrito Federal, ahora Ciudad de México y Acompañante Infantil del Combate contra la Guerrilla y el Terrorismo en México de 1980 a 1983. Quizá desde 1979.

De eso bajo consejo futuro del abogado que todavía no he tenido no puedo decir ni aclarar nada más.

No creo que se me pueda catalogar como meramente teórico: recibí entrenamiento informal y supervisado en vigilancia y seguimiento citadinos, interrogatorio, infiltración, confidencialidad, defensa personal y solución de problemas. Recibí dinero por algunas de esas actividades como menor de edad que doné en su totalidad para sacar niños de la calle hasta 1989-1990.

Era bueno en lo que hacía: de todas esas actividades potencialmente violentas no tengo ni un solo tatuaje ni una sola cicatriz, a pesar que lo hice decenas de veces. Nunca me atraparon, nunca pisé la cárcel y salvo pocos de los involucrados dudo que alguien más lo haya sabido.

Practiqué como médico pagado subordinado e independiente.

Recibí dinero como traductor informal de textos.

Fui amigo, novio, pareja y amante, nunca gigoló, de cientos de mujeres desde mi edad hasta mayores de 70 años de edad. Predominantemente en la ahora Ciudad de México, aunque visité otras ciudades al menos una vez, más frecuentemente Toluca…

Soy padre de una hija a la que no he visto ni oído desde hace 34 años probablemente residente en el Extranjero y de un menor de edad. A la que amé demasiado: era una niña extraordinaria. Yo lo sé: fui amigo de cientos de menores de edad incluyendo niños de la calle, a las niñas y niños los conozco bien.

Se me notificó que quizá sería padre otra vez hace décadas. Es posible aunque no lo sé con certeza que sea padre biológico de varias otras personas desde 1985 hasta 1998, nunca he sido ni donador ni donante de esperma, por cierto.

Entre mis pasatiempos están las Matemáticas, el Ajedrez y la Computación.

Aprendí a tocar pobremente la Guitarra en estilo clásico pero yo deseaba el Piano.

Desde el año pasado retomé mi carrera de escritor que dejé colgando desde 1985, pasado el temblor.

Fui niño catalogado como “Niño Genio”, aprendí a leer solo desde los 4-5 años de edad. Mi primer libro leído a totalidad fue una versión infantil de Don Quijote de la Mancha cuando tenía 5-6 años de edad.

He leído cientos, quizá pasadito el milenio de Libros y probablemente miles de artículos, significativamente profesionales, de reportaje y divulgación, no meramente literarios.

En menos de un año he escrito cientos de Artículos de Ficción, Técnicos, Análisis, Comentario y Crítica: en áreas en las que no recibí formación académica.

Aunque sigo siendo el mismo desde que tengo memoria, los nueve meses de edad, conservo mi optimismo y amor por la vida y los demás, por mis circunstancias actuales y enfermedades, parafraseando a Don Teofilito: “Sólo estoy esperando la querencia de las Tablas”.

Ví e hice cosas que la mayor parte de la Gente ni siquiera ha leído en Ficciones.

Entiendo que la Historia de mi Vida sea increíble, pero, estrictamente hablando, era meramente improbable, no imposible: heme aquí…

Gracias.

Federico Soto del Alba.

Fin de este escrito Original de mi Autoría previamente publicado el 3 de Octubre de 2025 y el 12 de Enero de 2026.

I have had an interesting life and I have nothing to show for it…

Truly, if I died when I was under 2 years old, with few exceptions it would not have mattered.

This original post of mine was previously published on May 30th, 2025.

This is not fiction, but I am trying to preserve my right to not incriminate myself, and obviously there is no other evidence than my testimony, which undoubtedly will be negated by other ill-willed people. And maybe sometimes I might be confabulating or fudging the truth a little. I am not a lawyer, this is not legal nor medical nor advice of any kind. I am not diagnosing anyone, merely summarizing other people's behavior and characteristics for brevity and clarity purposes.

This is a short unintelligible and relatively baseless telling of some of the significant experiences in my life, a bullet point summary of what I lived in juicy format.

I am not elaborating, nor retelling, I already did, and frankly, I don't care if people don't get it.

I have been shot at once, maybe twice, my memories are fuzzy on the second, that was my fault, I don't want to tell why, but on my defense, what kind of person shots at a stranger?, and fails several times!, out of the blue in a public place?. Not a nice dude for sure, simply carrying a fire arm without a license is a crime in México. And those licenses are rare here…

I've had at least twice several thousand dollars, not entirely legit, and both times I gave away all of it. One to strangers on the street, and one to six females. One of those I could not get away with the money, the other I could not keep it because my family would have stolen it.

I probably have anywhere between two to five/six biological descendants (maybe more), only two are legally recognized as my descendant. Sad or unclear to me stories, I would have loved to be there as a father, but, as I heard several females said to me several times: “It's complicated…”

But, I did was a father to one girl: the most extraordinary daughter I could have had.

I was never rich, I was low middle class, and I had hunger a lot of the time because either my parents did not fed me properly even though they had money to do so and preferred to spent it on their own vices and/or amusements, or one of my carers gave me frequently rotten food. Sometimes I had not eaten for so long that when I tried to eat I vomited.

Once an adult almost hit me with a pan, another almost stabbed me with a pair of scissors, and once I almost got killed by a psychotic deranged woman.

Once I got assaulted by another psychotic woman and probably his boyfriend and some collaborators because she thought by assaulting me her voices in her head and fears will disappear, and I would have had a sort of conversion epiphany to her cult of mental illness and psychosis acceptance. Neither of the three I ever had. But I did experience severe and long lasting withdrawal effects.

I was kidnapped once, and chemically tortured, among other things.

I was almost kidnapped another time because apparently I look a lot like some rich dude, who might have actually been my identical twin brother. The doubt is I am not sure he lived in that neighborhood, and despite I saw the bastard quite clearly, he even hit me and my mother saw him, I have no other evidence than my testimony. My mother will under no circumstance corroborate because she might have an aversion to go to the Police and the DAs on account of her own wrongdoings. She might have been at least been scammed twice because of that. And she actually paid for getting me kidnapped.

I had to beat 2 accompanied dudes on separate occasions when I was alone walking on the street because they confused me with some brawly bully who had no guts to face alone another male, so they said. I was a peaceful pacifist since I was a kid, but, hey, I was a kid with ties to the street and some gang friends. Life, we were all friends…

I had sex with a very beautiful and rich woman, who picked me off the street because apparently she confused me with my twin brother. Really nice mansion, and so extraordinarily beautiful woman.

I had sex with more than 300-350 women, around 50-60 without a condom. None were prostitutes, I never paid, and they never paid me. It was all consensual, and sometimes in ways quite well organized by women. As far as I know I never got a sexually transmitted disease. Their ages anywhere between my early teens and around 70 years old, and I stopped having frequent sex when I was 25 years old.

Two, maybe three are actually world famous. Those with the condom, of course.

I've been into rich houses, rich cars, middle class houses, low class houses, average cars, alleys, etc., where women took me to have sex with them. Sometimes with several at the same time, I mean one after another, of course. And I never was with another male in the same room. Only once I encouraged the whole thing, the rest it was those beautiful charming women.

I've had my heart broken, deeply, more than a dozen times, I loved some women profoundly, and we tried to be together for the long or longer run, but for some circumstances or others it did not work for us.

I have directly fought sexual harassment against women at least twice, once I gave informal testimony on a separate occasion.

Once I provided written testimony to a DA on a bus hit and run. Several times I provided oral information to DAs on injuries while I was a medical student, despite it was not my job nor obligation, it was my superior's ones.

I have reported several times to the local police acts of probable violence against women when it came to my view, knowledge and attention, outside of my medical profession, from which I am retired since more than 10 years go.

Once I reported an exotic fauna in my current neighborhood and I was bullied by the Police officer at the entrance who was trying to prevent me from making a report.

Once I could have been killed defending a stranger woman from a sexual assault on the street.

Several times I have written anonymous reports to the National Center for Missing and Exploited Children at https://report.cybertip.org/

And despite that and more, the persons, the humans, currently since some years ago from whom I get more concealed or evident violence is actually women and children…

What the fuck?. Where is the gratitude!?. Where is my respect morons!?.

When I was around nine, a friend of mine, my Compadre, died of an overdose of inhaled solvents when we were together at night on the street. We were around the same age. After that, I went to cycles of revenge, walking aimless, having trouble remembering he was gone, and deep hurtful sorrow. Despite I already cried painfully after he passed away.

I was bullied and mobbed not only when I was a kid, but in Medical School, Graduate School and Medical Residentship, with the excuse somehow I was mentally ill, and I did not accepted it nor accepted to be treated, or simply because they thought I was an asshole, idiots, plain pure idiots. On that I am not alone, but, those bastards did pick on me precisely because I was strong, law abiding, competent, studious, committed, hard-working and deeply ethical.

I have been extorted, mobbed, harassed and persecuted by lawless and antisocial activist who attacked me on the street, malls, etc., similarly to the time I was assaulted by a psychotic woman and probably her boyfriend, at least. And I have been thrown cars, trucks, while walking on the sidewalk, on account of what I perceive as violence based on their prejudices and my appearance.

I have personally witnessed one of those mobbing attacks on the street in which a Medical School Mate, a psychotic with tardive dyskinesia features and a friend of mine from High School mobbed, harassed and attacked another human being. My female friend apparently disguised as a medical student. And there are a lot of those males on the street who also seem to suffer akathisia and a savior delusional complex behaving like the psychotic woman I referred to: like if I was to have an epiphany and become a convert to their shared deluded criminal cult.

I was threatened with sabotage, which was carried out, several times.

I saw a woman being disfigured by a male who convinced her to be abused using feminist rhetoric on her. And I saw indirect evidence she took revenge on him years after, when she found out how he disfigured her. Both got married separately and apparently had kids of their own…

I did things a kid should not do to have revenge against people who abused my Compadre, and "clients" who abused a band of kids controlled by a child sexual trafficker, of which I have only fuzzy memories, and those are terrible for a kid to have and have done. I have no regrets, good riddance, those are my memories, show me the body.

I was very friendly, I had a lot of street friends in several places in México City. Young, kids, middle age, old. But very few on my neighborhood and on my schools.

Once I slept unwillingly on the street because my mother claimed I was the cause of all her troubles. A lot I was there so my Compadre could sleep when he had no other place to do so, he used to say "I'll wake you up". I slept very little since I was a kid, and sometimes I was safer on the street where I could run than in

my house alone at night where I was attacked unsuccessfully several times by the band of kids I already mentioned.

I was a top student. I got good grades, I was smart enough. I taught advanced classes in Medical School. I was chief academic resident, I have a cup with my name misspelled sent to me by the Radiological Society of North America. I was first place in the entrance exam of one medical residentship, and third in another. And they say I was the top performer three years in a row during my medical residentship, it only lasted three years then.

I had the privilege of being among the most academically and intellectually accomplished and caring late teenagers during High School I can imagine, specially on third year Calculus. Those gals and guys were over the top. They could beat a lot of Ivy League College juniors even as High Schoolers.

I was second author of an article published on the Journal of Biological Chemistry. I've written software to view DICOM images, and to do Radiological Standardized reports. Among others, cheap basic stuff.

I had the honor of being online friends, good friends, big friends, great friends, with the Biggest Troll Known to Humankind. I made other online Friends, but those were known academics, and probably others who prefer to remain anonymous.

I have been writing for over two years on a different field of professional writing, fulfilling my teenage dream on that.

I've had deep spiritual connections with many animals and trees, I was always like that, it just so happened I was surrounded by spiritually inclined persons of the deranged kind.

In some of my academic attempts I did not obtain a degree, a diploma or a license because the Institutional, Familial, Colleague, Mate and Professors' violence against me prevented me from getting one. Sometimes some or all at the same time…

I tried to get a degree independently taking an exam, but before I went to the final stages of my self learning preparation for it I discovered the field I was intending to obtain a Bachelor Degree in was riddled with Plagiarism.

On all of that and more, what can I say?: I have no advice to give, I have no big overarching lessons to provide, I have nothing to show for it, if I still have friends they probably are out there somewhere unreachable. If some women still cared about me, probably they would not even speak to me right now, etc.

Was it worth it?, hell no. I would have preferred to die when I was under 2 yers old and almost did.

The only thing I think I made a significant difference is being there with my Compadre, before and when he died. And that was 43 years ago, more or less.

Did I enjoy it?, of course!, a lot of it was pleasurable, joyful, friendly, loving and caring.

After all I have no regrets, but still…

It is no wonder I see assholes everywhere, because there are assholes everywhere who are unable not only of showing Compassion, but worse, of feeling it.

Thanks.

Federico Soto del Alba.

Original de mi Autoría publicado el 10 de Junio de 2025.

Well, this is a summary: People asked how I had my sex life?

Not everyone can do it. It can't be taught.

M.: I dedicate this narrative of mine to you. I cannot be more explicit, it hurt me see you go farther away from me when I was wondering about my future with someone else, but I was happy you had a friend walking with you whom you loved and were so happy with. Thanks, it was Beautiful beyond description.

People on some platform asked me a few weeks ago how was it possible for me to have sex with around or more than 350 women. This original post of mine was published on June 19th, 2025.

This is not legal, medical, relationship, sexual, nor advice of any kind. I ask for everyone to be safe first, we did risked getting pregnant or having a sexually transmitted disease, including HIV/AIDS. This narrative of mine is to the best of my recollection, trying as best as I can to not reveal the identity of the women I was with. It is difficult to believe, but flashbacks are not only painful, they can be very pleasant, and over decades I had a lot of those…

Simple: think of my younger self as a Gigolo who never charged, was charming, handsome, boyish looks, gentle, caring, smart, funny, generous, devoted, private, romantic and competent at sex: their pleasure came before mine, way before mine.

Next consider once in my life while I was taking pills because I could not sleep: for more than 2 and ½ years while taking them I slept around 2-3 hours a day, because I was motivated to learn and do my job with utmost responsibility, and I was always like

that.

Then consider because I spent time on the street when I was a kid, I was familiar with its ways, and such gave me a rare ability: judge people on the spot, among many others.

Then consider I had vaginal sex the first time when I was twelve in a public space, and a few months afterwards I had sex with three older than me women in the presumption we were girlfriend/boyfriend when they already had boyfriends.

Then, consider women like to have great sex too, even if occasionally, and some, like males, just want to know how it feels the first time, and I was really good at making women to have a great first time experience with me.

And women talk, they are not envious of: he really is a good guy, sort of thing.

And I tried to make no difference on their social class, skin color, appearance, age or fame, among others.

And I rarely had sex or romance with a woman younger than me…

Alas! I was always broke.

Probably once I was confused with a Gigolo, definitively at least thrice, the once it was around Christmas of 1997 and a luxurious ample car with four women inside asked me in and I had sex with at least two of them without ejaculating. I did that, getting in the car with mostly several women around 70 times, on civil holidays on 6 days in 6-7 yrs around 6-8 times per day, I got into 6 to 8 cars in one day to have sex with women.

Sometimes I started getting on a car with several women in one spot of México City, and actually ended up outside of it. Other times, I just got off, went to buy something at a grocery store, struck a conversation and sometime later I was in a relationship with an older than me woman who was either married, or divorced and wanted to have romance for a few weeks. And I never asked, sometimes I inferred.

Then the car owner, an extremely beautiful woman gave me a look as if she thought I was a male prostitute, the of course! look. Despite she was dressed in manner difficult to undress, probably on purpose to not have sex in front of the other women inside the car she provided to such effect, we ended up with just our shirts, had sex for around half an hour or more, and then, she upset after doing and enjoying something she did not wanted to do in front of other women, I had to ask to be dropped in the next corner.

It was so great, we both went into a trance with her on top of me, we had difficulty coming out of it, and she shut up the driver when she complained we were lost driving in the city.

I kissed her hand and apologized, then I noticed she had a wedding ring mark on it. Then I went to eat at a street stand and fell in love and had sex with another woman. We really fell in love, it was not just sex.

Although for me it never was just sex: I fell in love with all those women, every single one of them. Sometimes it hurt knowing I would not see them again: they were so great…

Sometimes I knew because they were way upper class than me it might have been better for them to find a stable relationship with someone else, and we talked about it, on the spot, at least twice.

Sometimes I knew they wanted a stable relationship with things I

could not provide because I was broke, and I was to be a student for at least a decade more, so, I never insisted on longer term.

I knew for them I was not irreplaceable, they did not needed me for them to be happy with someone else longer term.

Sometimes I cried knowing or believing I would never see them again.

Once I cried because I fell so deeply in love with one and we broke up because previously I had sex with her friend, and she could not stand secrets among the two of them. And her friend apparently still spoke in a loving manner about me when she returned to her home: she was visiting her friend. And I missed them both…

When I was young, there were around 17 teenagers, when I was between 13 and 15, who came to my house to have sex for the first time.

With three others I did ejaculated inside them because I fell in love too deeply, and I wanted them to be with me, to be long term with me.

I had fantasies of how our life together would be.

And I suffered for it, and at least one of them did too, so much so it soured our relationship even if we tried to be a couple a few years afterwards. We were so scared to get us pregnant, the first time we thought we did. It was a very stressful couple of weeks and we could not talk in public because people would have suspected we loved each other, had sex, and she would have been at least molested.

And later she resented me, understandably, I remember her

shutting the door on my face when I went to see her and talk to her.

And at that age, in those days, México City in the 80s, it was difficult to buy condoms, I risked getting raped, or them sexually attacked.

So I went without them, and with those around 17 teenagers I only twice ejaculated outside of them. With all the others I did after they left just by remembering how great it was, I didn't even needed to masturbate: just the memory was strong enough.

And with the two I did outside of them, I could not resist because they had double orgasms with their first vaginal sex, as far as I got the situation. And it was not their first orgasm in those single occasions…

And out of the around 17 teenagers, my age or older, two had doubts, we stopped, we talked, and I promised I would not go beyond where we went, but if they wanted, we could kiss and relax, enjoy being together without the pressure to have sex.

And as far as I remember they came back, and it was great. My guess is I felt too deeply in love with them on the spot, and that might have been scary: to fall in love so quickly and so strongly because we were so young.

I had some other characteristics:

1.- I had retrograde ejaculations, there were witnesses.

2.- I had dry orgasms, long, intense, powerful and bonding.

3.- At 13 my soul mate and I had Tantric sex for a while without moving, just caressing for at least an hour.

4.- Twice I ejaculated with oral sex without having an orgasm, she was cheating on me. Despite I was not faithful I felt deeply betrayed because she behaved insinuating sadistically she was having sex with someone else several times and quite obviously, and I never did that: I loved her. Both of them were shameless in front of me. And it was not the only time. I felt used…

5.- I could have multiple ejaculations, at least three in a row and not loose the erection. Not all the time, but some women were so spectacular and we were so intimate, instantaneously sexually strong and liberated, that sometimes we got lost for hours, so with them I could not avoid it.

So, I guess I was different to most males, how many are or were like me?.

But then, it becomes hard being honest. Some women are scared or avoidant of a long term relationship when they suspect I had a lot of sex.

I was faithful when a woman showed honest commitment, but it was rare.

And given how we met, spontaneously, or with the intent of having occasional sex I felt it worked against me, somehow.

Jealousy.

Before I gave up, at 25 years old, only once I behaved jealously, because she got into so much trouble. She was not a responsible woman, she asked me to trust her and I couldn't, but I could not refuse her request. So I tried. I did the best I could, and I was trying to protect her, not to monopolize her nor control her. Finally, I would have been happy if she just left and never

returned, despite I loved her, and she didn't for some time. Whenever she failed at another attempt with someone else, she kept coming back, and because of my situation, I could not just ran from her, despite I told her just don't come back.

And with other partners I was with, not many, they could take care of themselves, so, with them I wasn't jealous, but I wasn't faithful either, with few exceptions and they were exceptionally terrific, their lack of commitment was more or less obvious, so, why would I give up on loving other women and make them happy?.

I would have felt regret if I have done that, and I never wanted that, one way or another.

And in those days AIDS/HIV was just starting or was not known to us, so, without a condom I had sex with around 60 women.

And how does one say that to a woman one falls in love, whom I found so attractive, I wanted to have a serious relationship with her after we had sex without a condom, great sex, great oral sex for her, and she asks you how many sexual partners you have had because she is considering having an HIV test because of you?.

Well, I didn't have to, I haven't had sex in years, and I did the HIV test every three months until I stopped having sex at 25 years old, because between 24-25 I had sexual encounters with at least 200 women in that single just a little over a year involving a lot of oral sex for them, and the whole point was to have free sex, and all my HIV tests came back negative. And outside the oral sex for them, I almost always wore a condom.

How do I say those two things, those two facts, to a woman I wanted to have a long term relationship with?. And!, and!, who

actually happens to have a great kid as a son. How was I supposed to manage that then?, not now, I already said it, just not to her then.

And how do I say to another woman whom I wanted to have a long term relationship with, just in her neighborhood I had sex, until then, with at least 16 women?. When I also suspected she would have consulted with a male, a friend of both of us, if such a thing was possible or true, so he could ask me so she corroborated, and despite I was not explicit about it, it went along those lines?. And I was 16 years old then.

I was honest, I never lied to all those women, if they asked I gave them my phone number, address, what I was studying, everything. With them I never said anything fictional nor exaggerated.

To some of them because of their circumstance I asked for them to have my info, just in case. And I never asked theirs.

Some even asked me to not notice where we were going, some even asked me to blind fold myself until one male looked at us suspiciously while were were driving inside a car really difficult to see into, and very expensive.

I always tried really hard to forget as much as I could to keep their privacy.

And it was also for my sake: I could not be walking around having sexual memories and unaware erections because I had so much sex and it was too great to believe.

Even looking at woman on the street, school, wherever, sometimes popped memories of other women and such made me feel uncomfortable. So I tried harder to forget. And for at least 25

years I managed without a significant glitch.

Then I started to remember clearly enough, and here I am narrating in summary my sexual and romantic life.

In honesty one friend of mine died of AIDS, and I did had sex with a woman who might have had HIV.

We both did the test, and she noticed I had the sticker they put so the puncture does not bleed.

We talked, became friendly, and she asked me why I did the test.

I told her because I was involved in having sex with then dozens/hundred women, and I and at least one women agreed it was best if I did that, given the oral sex for them, despite it was low risk.

I described to her they organized it, prepared and bought the condoms, the tooth paste, towels, tissues, etc., and I just were there for the sex.

She did not believe me at first, I am not sure if she ever did, but I was not lying, and my strong belief I wasn't lying nor fabricating must have at least caused her doubts.

I never asked why she had hers.

But, we did have sex without kissing, with a condom, and no oral sex for her, and she cried, it was difficult.

Her fear of having HIV and later AIDS was too strong.

We tried, I was hoping we became friends, at least to talk, but she never called me, and we never saw each other again, as far as I

remember. And as many times before I did hope even with the positive test for her we could have become a couple, and I suffered because she never called. She was spectacular and despite no one does and never did, she did not deserved to have HIV nor die of AIDS.

But, again, six months afterwards, my test came negative.

Again, how do I explain that to a woman I want to be long term partner with?.

And the at least 200 women in 1997-1998 probably was a low ball park estimate.

I kept an accounting for the first at least 12 weeks.

It gave a weekly average Monday to Friday of 17.5 women, or 3.5 per day. Or 910 women per year, Monday to Friday, and in total a little over 1,100 women.

I do not remember changes for the whole period, after the around first 12 weeks I erased the file and stopped counting. But those were not unique women, many or most were more than just once, so assuming, a 5 to 1 ratio, I came with the at least 200 women.

Except, despite such, Saturdays, afternoons, nights and Sundays were: Me Me Me time, I did have sex, but usually with just one woman, and not always on Saturday or Sunday and I went into around 5 relationships which were great!, but it did not turned into longer term.

Yet, sometimes I did have sex with the same woman more than once in the same day from when I was 15 to 25, but it was relatively rare, and I explained why my characteristics allowed us to do so. And theirs too, many were multi-orgasmic, some were

female ejaculators.

One was embarrassed by it, and I showed her even giving her oral sex I did not care, she ejaculated twice the same session on just oral sex, one standing and another on the bed.

Another thought I ejaculated after removing covertly the condom, and I showed her it wasn't mine. She was a foreigner. Tall, beautiful, dark skinned, a gorgeous and very sexually powerful African gal. Giving her oral sex her standing, me on my knees, a favorite of a lot of women, I must have done that more than 50 times, gave me a stiff neck afterwards: her legs were so long.

And as teens, some women liked it like that, others liked it lying down on the bed.

Later, once older, beyond those ways: some sitting legs opened on the bed, on a sofa, a table or a desk, on doggy position, so, I adapted until I felt they enjoyed it the most. I had a nag for it. And of women, if 20 gave me oral sex were perhaps too many, I don't remember beyond a few and even then with most we were a couple, even if on and off, and some probably had boyfriends, so I did have my share of oral sex for me from them.

With at least three I had to have a retrograde ejaculation so we did not ruin the moment. The thing was, after I had a retrograde ejaculation, oral sex or not for me, I did not lost the erection and most of the time I just became more sexually excited. So, in those times we could have gone for hours. And with at least one we did: it was like a dream, with her I have fragments when I came around, and by near the end I suspected she might have passed out if I did not embrace her close to me.

I have fuzzy memories of terrific sex with several others because

when we had it, it turned into a dream like state.

As a comparison, and an explanation of why I gave up trying to have sex or finding a partner long term I consider this: if I had a girlfriend from 17 to 23, 6 years in total, and I had sex with her Monday to Friday for the whole period once a day, I would have had sex 1,560 times.

In 97-98 I might have approached that number in a little over a year. Guesstimate, from 12 to 25, one time with each woman it would be around 1,300 times only in the mornings.

Then considering the around 150 women before 1997-1998, factoring in with them I had sex several times, starting from 1,300 I guess easily I would have had sex more times and more strongly with other women than with such hypothetical girlfriend.

And if that might seem fictions, one time I had sex 30 times with around 10-12 women in one single day, I bought 30 condoms and none was left afterwards.

Obviously with such hypothetical girlfriend I would have ejaculated the 1,560 times at least once.

And on the Sunday of that weekend, the 30 times with women who were schoolmates of a relative of a woman I knew who put us into contact I had sex with an extraordinarily tall woman who kissed me in the fourth or fifth floor of the Hotel, in front of the dinning hall and took me to her hotel bedroom to have sex that afternoon, and it was great: like two characters of some Franchise kissing in front of everyone with the male looking small under the kissing embrace of such remarkably tall woman, beyond Beautiful.

Then I did several times with many women, without ejaculating I enjoyed it so much and since I had Tantric sex experience since as an early teen, I could have dry orgasms, and I could feel what they felt since I was a teen, then not ejaculating that many times for me made no fucking difference.

The first time I found out how it felt to have countless orgasms and ejaculations, I just went for several minutes in these really long orgasms until I had to stop, it became scary, my erection was harder and harder and it sort of hurt, and a little burning sensation, but it was great, just the soft feeling of her was intoxicating beyond belief. I embraced her and deeply said I loved her. Then, class and age were a problem.

It wasn't the first time, but it was the strongest, most ecstatic and scarier I can remember.

And it might be thought I would have preferred such a life for me instead of one or more long term relationships.

At some point it was. With a mere single great sex over a couple of weeks I was dreamy when no one was watching, I felt satisfied, I needed no more than to wait for her to show up. At others I was in repeated sexual relationships with several women and I felt the same way too.

And I hoped one would have decided for us to give it a shot, but divorce, family, work, class, my studies and age differences led to them when feeling more attached, when feeling the need to just see each other, to be there as a more formal couple, as I felt too, then them broke up our relationship and stopped looking for me or plainly pointed me to the door.

Most of them I had the strong and educated suspicion they fell in love with someone else while we were in our relationship and I

felt great they were going to try to be happy together without me: truly I was happy on those occasions for them.

At least twice I forgot it was a spectacular relationship with them, with one I had physical evidence our relationship on and off lasted years, then I forgot, and in the other I could only keep the memory of her face: a young beautiful 17 years old teen, my age, red headed, freckled and with a face which reminded me of mine, we even shared birthdays because we looked a lot like each other and we suspected we might have been brother and sister.

And such suspicion probably happened another time and the woman, if I am right on that one, avoided having a relationship with me that I wanted so much since I just first saw her.

They did not needed to say any of that, it was palpable without any words. And we came together with our anti-attachment shields on most of the time…

One time we didn't even had sex at all, and I was so faithful and in love, so hopeful to at some point marrying her, I closed the door to any woman who wanted to have sex with me. But it didn't work for us, and I cried. The goodbye felt like Death crushing my heart twice. Death showed her ugly face to both of us, but didn't took either.

Another time, one summer I had sex with over twenty women. With a significant some after a couple assortment and a screening process of me by several women, one picked me, walking together, talking together, kissing, hugging, to then the same day go to their houses to have sex.

And I suspect around 3/4 had boyfriends, hence the invitation from them to go to a private place: it was their neighborhood.

And then, the next day, try again for me. I wanted to have female friendships, with some of them I wasn't looking for sex.

Only, after the summer ended, three women I loved deeply were there, a constant reminder we could not be together.

All that great sex with so many women one summer did not make me stop loving them. And it hurt, it really hurt. But I could not do anything else.

And over the years I suspected women felt that way too, but us having sex made things better for them and me when they were abandoned, despised, cheated, insulted or put off.

I felt that way too, and it helped me. And I knew falling in love in that circumstance would have been a big mistake for me, a bounce back relationship, hence I never asked, I never pressured, but I was there, and they were there for me.

We were, one way or another there for both of us, every single time.

How could I not love all of them?.

How could I not be grateful to all of them?.

How could I think bad of them?.

How could I judge them knowing how males were to them?. How they treated them?. How they harassed them, insulted them, assaulted them, coerced them, extorted them, belittle them, treated them like objects and cheated on them.

How could I not choose a life where even if a little, even if on their long hopefully happy lives I was just a tiny part of theirs,

knowing I could make them happier, even if just for a few minutes, a few hours, one day, one weekend?.

I was not giving up on that for a woman who didn't even appreciated me nor showed me she was committed to both of us being happy together, equally. And I never did. And sometimes I tried so hard to make it work for both of us.

And I saw some of those wrongdoings against women, some I suspected, and here is an example, not the more serious one but illustrative:

Some women picked me on the street in this really fancy car, inside, in the back seats, there was a woman dressed in gala.

She was blond, thin, extremely beautiful, green eyes, charming voice, shy demeanor, and she had cried.

She did not expected me, she showed me a little of fear, but I guess I must have seemed attractive to her.

We talked, we kissed, we hugged.

We went to this mansion Gods knows where. A really rich house.

I suspected her boyfriend stood her up on their High School Graduation Party, on her prom.

We were so romantic, the house had a piano, so at some point I took her dress off, put it over it, seated her on top of it and the piano, and gave her oral sex.

Then, her naked, I carried her to her upstairs' bedroom.

Before having vaginal sex, I asked her if it was ok for me not to

wear a condom, She said “I don’t mind”, with a naughty smile and a naughty shoulders shrug, her voice so sexy.

Why I asked such a thing to a woman I had not met before and she agreed?.

I guessed because that was her plan with her boyfriend: they must have had sex before with condoms and she was trying to surprise him after at least three months of hormonal contraceptions and the asshole stood her up!.

Obviously, that was my guess, but it made sense to me, so we both risked it, and it was great.

later back to the car, we talked, kissed, hugged, embraced each other, most likely I gave her my contact info, and I never saw her again, as far as I remember.

And there were many similar enough times, just in those occasions I wore a condom.

But sometimes it was not as difficult for them.

With one woman, very beautiful, it was like we grew up together. She was physically similar to me, with me she was shy.

We had to keep it private, secret even.

We became friends, we talked for weeks, then we kissed, hugged, started to take off our clothings one piece at a time, and then you take yours, for months.

One day we just sat there for hours, clothings on, not talking, not moving and my back hurt afterwards, I bet hers too.

One day I just held her hand as we were walking into the bedroom, I turned her around, and unlike many times we kissed passionately. It was an intercalated thing between what I narrated.

Then sometime afterwards we got naked, I gave her oral sex, and until the third time on different days she had her orgasm.

Then one time we came to the house, I had to pee, I asked for her permission, and when I returned she was on the bed naked, waiting for me to giver her oral sex.

And for some months that's all I did.

When she had her orgasm I never pressured her to have vaginal sex, I didn't even asked, it was obvious to me we weren't ready for it, despite I had such sex with enough women before. And I loved seeing her happy, sleeping both of us together, even if my erection was not the most romantic complement of how much we loved each other and in the situation we were in: enjoying our nakedness together.

Then one day it happened for us and it was terrific.

And afterwards with her, since we had sex so slowly I had these really long dry orgasms, without ejaculating, which for me it was spectacular. She did went into a sort of trance too. Sometimes we forgot we just had sex the previous day when we saw each other in public: it was confusing, it was like a dream, it felt like a dream, but then we remembered and had to get away of each other so other people did not suspect and molested her, even attack her.

And yet, because of our circumstances and despite we talked about it, we could not be together longer term.

Later She preferred to be with someone else, more acceptable for our community, and I was ok with that: I wanted her to be as happy as she could be. I wasn't jealous, I loved her and seeing her happy was the best for me and she was happier and behaved differently when she was with someone else.

It just so happened, one time, she brought a female friend to my house so we both had sex without her, as far as I remember…

It might seem sophisticated, like only refined and open minded people do that. I don't think so, I think women can behave like that if reciprocity, friendship, love and trust are fundamentals in the relationship. I saw it enough in different contexts to be confident of it.

And those are weird relationships in the limited sense the question of what we are is not an answerable one, being friends was just a start.

And many times I did not care about relationship labels.

I just hope I never hurt a single woman with the way I behaved, perhaps under my wrong assumptions and impressions.

And if I did hurt any women, I apologize sincerely, knowing it might be too late since decades have passed. But, as I saw it then, perhaps erroneously, I did not thought I would hurt anyone.

And no one said anything about me behaving badly, so I assumed I did nothing wrong. And I was open to that: I wanted them to be happy too.

Only one time it was a revenge thing against another male, whom I did not know.

There was a videocamera, she did not needed to ask, we were alone, and the whole time every time she had an orgasm she looked at the camera.

At one point, now in a doggy style, she removed the condom from me, and she had this strong orgasm that caused her to raise her feet and bend her toes up and then I ejaculated, and I just wanted to keep going, but I felt it was inappropriate. So I had to ease down so my penis lost the erection when I pulled it off.

That time it was the only one until then I focused on feeling women's orgasmic contractions, as far as I remember.

I know some say they can be felt, but from my experience I don't remember feeling them and as I said, I have seen several women having female ejaculations and it was not urine.

Can they be generally felt?, not by me, as far as I can remember. And given many times, as I narrated I did not ejaculated and they were satisfied, I assumed they had no reason to fake having an orgasm because the whole point, the whole set up, the whole process they organized themselves to have sex with random but attractive to them dudes was for them, women, to enjoy it.

Not for the guys to have it and for women to suffer orgasmic frustration.

And once I did had sex with a woman when again I focused on her contractions, and she had them, it just so happened from her face she probably did not enjoyed it very much. From what I heard she probably had difficulty having orgasms with vaginal coitus, and she took SSRIs, modern anti-depressants, so it seems likely to me it was a problem for her.

And I could feel she was about to have her orgasm, unlike other times, that's when I focus on keep going and probably does not help for me to feel their contractions. But not that time, I wanted to see if she had them and how much she enjoyed them. And probably that's why they were clearly felt: it might have been her first orgasm with proper vaginal sex and clitoridean stimulation in at least a long time. The second time they were less intense and lasted less time.

But since she never complained of not having an orgasm and I believed her it was not my fault if she lied about not having orgasms with me. If she did, I would have found a way to give her one if such a thing was possible. Not always is, which does not mean they can't, simply to me, we are not compatible having sex, specially if friendship, trust, openness, caring, time, effort and commitment is not there. And time is very important: it takes several sex session to reach it for some women. And to do it often.

And I explained I loved a woman and it took her until the third oral sex session for her to have an orgasm, and she loved it. She liked it even when she did not have an orgasm. So, every woman is different, but I did my best with each of them.

And I was never frustrated, twice inside a car we had to switch from front to front to back to front and it took time, but I think they had their orgasms. And it is difficult to do in a car without people outside freaking out. Once it was dark enough, the other we had to fake giving directions, until she just lowered her head putting it in the top of the front copilot's seat while I tried to not ejaculate too soon, given we had been at it for quite some time, and sometimes I just could not fake giving directions: it was too intense. And given her frustration, she was a little upset, even rude, but I put it aside and kept trying.

And I was hoping to see one of them in the street at some point, and I never did. Many times I was looking to see a woman I wanted to see again while I walked the street, in public transport, etc. And she was as beautiful but with darker skin as one of the Las Ketchup female band member, the one on the right in the Aserejé song when they are in black dress/miniskirt and top. I fell so much in love with her with just that one time.

And I saw the video years after we had sex, so it was confusing for me, but it was not one of the Las Ketchup gals, let's not start unfounded and physically impossible to have happened rumors.

But it is easy to do, of course not inside a moving car: doggy style, women with legs almost closed, or closed enough, it depends, sometimes adjustments are required, men's legs spread and rub it in and out.

For males easier to go on and on, most of the feeling is in the urethra close to the penis root, hardly more exciting than in other positions, and if one ejaculates it hurts: the pressure on the urethra makes ejaculation painful.

I knew that since I was a teen. And sometimes women can really go on and on for around half an hour or more. Of course, not always with one orgasm after another, a few minutes later, but not as many as at the begging. And it is exhausting for them, despite it requires little physical effort for them.

And with one woman then it was my time, she had an orgasm with oral sex, and on such rubbing doggy style position I don't know how many times, I lost track of time, and it was great for both of us: we slept for hours with my erect penis inside her. I woke up because I was to ejaculate again. And probably we both felt orgasms while asleep, just with the mere introduction, it is a great experience when one can have it.

And one time I had a relationship with a woman who took SSRIs, and almost crying told me she did not felt a thing. Despite before she had strong orgasms, sometimes twice in a row, and female ejaculations. At least one time I had to hold her because otherwise she would have landed on the floor. I guess the He has me led to her letting go and have this huge, literally splashing orgasm: she left a big splotch of female ejaculation on the floor, it was bigger than mine's.

And I never saw such a big one, but at some point, my bed had several stains and I did not ejaculated that many times without a condom then, I had sex with several women in it, with more than two dozen different women, so. But they weren't that big of stains.

And one time, with another woman, both standing back to front, her knees bent a little, my legs are not as long as other males', she had a female ejaculation and it dripped to at least my middle left thigh, and obviously on my pubic hair and the top of my right thigh. She was a curvy white skinned woman, so beautiful, sculptural, it was ecstatic. We were so young and beautiful, just imagining both of us from time to time was fantastic. From the side it must have been an impressive view, which is how I remember us.

And I've seen such scenes in Porn, it is just she was extremely beautiful, I didn't feel it matched the view of what we had. And she was as tall, or almost as tall as me.

And it was different from women who lubricated a lot, from them it feels watery instead of oily and fishy smelling, but sometimes the smell is really almost imperceptible. And the coitus feels different, and the lubrication raises up slowly over time, instead of suddenly at the end, some so thought, for them.

And one of those women was again extremely beautiful, and way more prosperous than me, and had leg warmers, those for aerobics ones, like Jane Fonda's, and made her feet a little sweaty, and although some find the smell unpleasant for me it was over exciting.

With another woman, the little raunchy smell of her feet when I removed her shoes, flat shoes, after she wore them for hours, was too much. Removing her socks, and smelling her feet was so much pleasurable. With another the crowded people smell from her work had a stronger effect: she was beyond amazing.

Fortunately the woman who stopped feeling pleasure completely, stopped taking them and after a few weeks she was back on top of her sexual pleasure, which was quite a lot.

But I've read it is not always the case and SSRIs do cause sometimes not only less sensitivity and difficulty reaching an orgasm and enjoying sex, but complete anesthesia. They say it is anecdotal, or happens in less than 1%, I doubt it, I think it is underreported, I believe those women, as I said I saw one case which luckily was reversible upon withdrawal of SSRIs. And it happens to males too, so I've read.

Anyway, later on after the revenge sex video, two dudes of gangster looks followed me, and I had to get off the subway surreptitiously so they kept their course, I jumped out of the subway car when the doors were almost closed, and I suspected it was because of the revenge sex video.

It never happened again, nothing of the sort was a problem for me before or afterwards.

We were discrete enough, specially them given most likely they

must have shared my looks and name, sometimes my address and phone number with a lot of other women.

And I know some males, very few, only could have had suspicions based on how women looked at me, but I guess hardly confirming narratives I was a go to guy for occasional sex for females who knew.

Not surprising given the negative stigma against them of how we met, what we did, and how much we enjoyed it, and most of the time just one time, or at most a few.

To end.

I feel the need to say I was with an enough older woman than me. Given the place we where leading to her reluctance to have sex with me and our so they say power imbalances, her being way too superior to me, and the risk of severe consequences if both got caught, when we finally had vaginal sex, I did not wanted to let her go, never, I wanted to be inside her embracing her forever.

She had to gently point out we were in a tough spot and relationship, while she kept an eye on the window.

And we were only half undressed.

She was an extraordinarily beautiful woman, feeling her abdomen with both my hands was such an extraordinarily bonding experience for me on top of everything else I saw in her, that years afterwards every time I caressed a woman's abdomen in similar manner the memory of her popped up into my mind.

And I had to beg her without talking to her to allow me to give her oral sex in the first place, after I rushed into her room, kissed her, kneeled down and started to give her oral sex.

She was confused too, I imagined given her extraordinary beauty several or many males tried kissing her without asking clearly before trying, as I did.

She pulled me off from the head, and I asked her with my left hand for her to seat on a chair, she did not kicked me out, she could have pointed at the door and I would have left immediately after apologizing to her and promised never to do that again.

But, she sat on the chair, I removed her pants and gave her oral sex until she called it quits. And it took a while, she needed to relax and I was not giving up until she was satisfied.

It was then an impossible relationship, a forbidden one on power imbalances given the circumstance, outside of it I had similar, several times. Even talking with her might have raised suspicions. And we did talk, it is just we avoided the topic, she more or less clearly non verbally indicated me that.

Seeing her some days among others when I knew she must have been around without actually seeing her was difficult for me.

And being with other women did not mitigated the way I felt for her.

And I rushed into her room because I saw her sad, at least one time she was crying, sitting elbows in her knees, and all I knew how to make a woman happy was sex.

I wasn't planing to have coitus with her, I wasn't planning to fall in love with her, I never imagined we could have a relationship even outside the circumstance where she held authority over me, I was just going to give her oral sex and leave, but I got attached

to her so strongly I asked for more. And the attachment is still there even if decades have passed after the last time I saw her.

And it hurt from time to time so much for years afterwards, but for reasons that piled on top of one another I could not return just to talk to her.

And on memories of other women in similar circumstances, at some point in my life the feel of a woman's abdomen with my hands was as strong with a 70 years old woman as it was with her. And her abdomen felt obviously so different.

And we fell in love over weeks, despite our large age differences, she shared her younger woman's life with me without talking and it was great. I never had such before or after. Somehow knowing the life of an extraordinary beautiful woman with such sexual power at her 70s was one of the most romantic and sexual experiences I had.

It took time for us to have sex, and we had it several times in a period of around three months, until we almost got caught because one of her sons had suspicions, and I had to run based on mere instinct.

And at another time again with an extremely beautiful women, a brunette, the feeling of her abdomen was intense, my desire for her to fall in love with me was so strong, but again, our relationship was forbidden in a different way, by circumstance and transitory like with all the other women.

And my feeling, my memories of my hands on her abdomens just piled up, they didn't cancel, they did not go away. On the contrary, they remind me of how great it was, every time.

And it happened to me so often, it was difficult for me to forget I

had lived a terrific romantic and sex life with so many women since I was too young to start having sex, and I had to fake not having such an extraordinary one all the way from when I was 12yrs old until last year.

And it reminded me that for me such strong love, such strong connection, the need for me to make this woman fall in love with me so we gave it another try, and another, and another, although for me lasted decades, at each point in my life it did not led to a long enough relationship physically in time.

And it broke my heart each time, but it never broke my love for them.

Lastly, there were many women who were from more wealthy families than mine.

But with one of them it was beyond belief.

I do not remember clearly enough but this is how I think it went:

She was regularly at some park where I just happened to walk by, she hurt her ankle, I removed her shoe and sock, her ankle was a little swollen and without thinking I kissed it, I did it out of the blue.

I helped her walk into her car to her chauffeur, imagine the face he had seeing her without a sock and a shoe, walking supporting herself on a stranger's shoulders.

We became friends, from time to time I went to her house, I remember meeting at least her Father.

She lived in a prosperous neighborhood outside Mexico City, full of trees, cold, ideal for romantic walks, and we walked together

several times.

We were friends of way too different social classes, we shared our lives, I remember dancing in front of her trying to imitate a Comedian professionally named the Chis Chas, from Monterrey.

My mother given her work at Grupo Alfa, Alfa Group, based on Monterrey at least once travelled there, went to a live show of him and bought two long vinyl records, one to give to each of two of my paternal aunts.

At some point she said Chis Chas danced wearing a Hawaiian skirt to a drumming exotic tropical beat. I think she said almost naked, but I don't remember with enough clarity.

So that's what I did: danced with my cloths on like if I was the Chis Chas, and she loved it.

Then, one time we were alone, she asked me to bring her a canned soda, she had some I never saw before, and I think I still have not seen one.

I rushed to bring her a cold one, so when I went back up I climbed several stair steps at a time.

I entered and she was almost naked and when she heard the door she went into her bed and covered her body with her thick blankets and sheets.

I approached the bed, soda can in hand and I was confused: I thought we were just friends, it never occurred to me she felt romantically nor sexually for me.

She was extremely beautiful, but I never thought of her that way, I loved her as a female friend and I never imagined we would

have something more than friendship. Even such was almost impossible to have happened.

So, I got naked, got into her bed, we kissed, I kissed her up and down, we caressed so romantically, we embraced, we teared a little, I gave her oral sex until she had her orgasm, then I gasped red faced and she was sorry but we laughed.

I put a condom and we had soft romantic sex.

We talked several times afterwards, we probably had sex several times, and I was clear to her I thought we could not hide our relationship from her family.

She was surprised, but I explained if something went wrong, something happened to her or me, it would have been best if someone in her family knew about us.

I don't know if she did so, I did not pressure her one way or another because she knew her family obviously way better than me, and I said so, it was my thought and preference, but hers was commanding.

Then given our different social classes and that at some point our schedules would become more demanding then we could not be together very often, I said it to her somehow, very gently, then I said to her I would not have been jealous of her if she wanted to be with someone else whenever she wanted.

She was surprised and a little hurt, but I explained I loved her deeply, "Te amo mucho", but given our age was not a marrying one yet, she should not feel obligated not to be with other males because our lives were young enough, we never again would have the opportunity to meet other people like then, and I did not wanted for her to be deprived of anything.

I wanted her to experience her life, to enjoy it the best she could.

And I would will continue to love her no matter what she did or happened.

It was difficult for me too, trying to remember and narrate it gives me a knot in my throat and a sad deep nostalgia, but I was being honest, it hurt me too much to say such but I really loved her and wanted above all else for her to be as happy as she could be.

And her being so beautiful, smart, funny, open, trustworthy, caring and young, I would have felt sorrow and remorse later on if she did not enjoy her charm and beauty only for herself too.

I knew beauty, youth and opportunity last so little in the long course of Human life. The first two on the eyes of others and for women it lasts less than for males, such is the behavior of most males and the roles, models and expectations of Societies.

Afterwards we could not see each other, she called from God knows where only to say she missed me, and with an almost broken voice and tears in my eyes I said to her I missed her too, the too much could not pass my throat.

later she came back, called me, invited me to a weekend together and I dropped everything and lied to everyone I needed to be with her and went alone for a weekend with her.

It was extraordinary, I never had such a time with any other woman.

She had become more beautiful, at least one time I cooked while naked with just an apron and she teased me with her foot on my buttocks, she embraced me from behind with such strong

affection it was hard to beat.

I once kneeled down and embraced her, kissed one of her buttocks and said they were lovely, “Qué Bonitas pompitas”.

But, it was to be our last time together, her life and mine took different roads and I never saw her again nor called again.

And I was happy for her, not calling me was a good thing: she found Joy, and she probably knew wherever she went, whatever she did, with whomever she was, I would be happy for her, and at anytime she could call me, just to have a talk.

And it happened to me several times with other women: we were together for a brief but intense period of time but our paths had to diverge and never touched again.

But with her our meetings along years seemed so briefly, so rarely, so intensely, so specially coming from a friendship where I was not expecting it, that the Beauty it was I never had before and never again.

And to her Beauty afterwards I dedicated the rest of my life without her: to be as happy as I could be…

And yet, she was not the greatest love of my life. And I wrote an almost poem to another greatest love of my life to forgive me.

I would have dropped everything else for any woman who wanted and could be with me long term, it just never happened for me.

I don’t regret anything at all: I had more love than I could give…

Thanks.

Federico Soto del Alba.

Fin de este escrito Original de mi Autoría previamente publicado el 19 y 20 de Junio de 2025.

A fuller retelling of the kidnapping attempt against me in the 90s.

—-Meh…

This is an expanded retelling of the time someone tried to kidnap me in Polanco, México City around 1993-1994.

This is my narrative, I am not pointing fingers at anyone specific: I have no idea who tried to kidnap me.

Why they tried to kidnap me in Polanco?.

Probably mistaken Identity, it is possible some aggrieved boyfriend tried it, but hear me out.

I think it was a Sunday morning, I woke up hopeful, with the intuition I was to meet an extremely beautiful woman that morning and it happened. I had a lot of romantic and sexual relationships with women since a young age: I was then free to try to make women happy and me too trying, even if just one single time. I was good at it and enjoyed it immensely.

Then I had no girlfriend, both of my dear deep female friendships were absent, the mother of my daughter and her were gone from my life for her mother to work abroad, and no one else knew clearly anything of that, not even my family.

They were difficult times for me, the things keeping me going were my medical studies, the hope of doing research and teaching at some point, but significantly female friendship and romance. And in Medical School I never made a significant romantic relationship with anyone despite I tried.

I met a women around my age, then 20-21 yrs old, she invited me to her house, she had a chauffeur who most likely insured we were not followed, I guessed it must have been part of his job, given she lived in a large house in the expensive neighborhood of Polanco, in México City.

It was the first time I met her, for me it was not unusual, before then I guess I must have had a reputation for ocasional sex, I was invited and picked up on the street by a lot of women. The more prosperous women took me to similar houses. I was lucky, very lucky among some women.

Around that time, my mother worked for ADM, the grain company, and they were given classes on how to avoid, prevent and what to do when facing a kidnapping. Then ADM was near Polanco, across Reforma Avenue opposite the Mars Field of the Mexican Army, next to the edge of Polanco with Reforma. On the street Andrés Bello.

It is relatively close to where they tried to kidnap me after I left the house of the woman I just met. I had no idea I was in Polanco, I tried to avoid being there, because when I was around 7-9 years old I saw my identical twin brother in a restaurant there when my mother took us to have dinner at night: I suspected he lived near or in Polanco. And since neither of us at some point knew I had an identical twin brother my mother preferred to never talk about it. Before, I knew I had one: the first time I saw him and interacted with him was when I was 6-7 yrs old. Then there was a witness: the guard at the door where my "brother" left probably with his adoptive parents.

At the restaurant beside me and my mother the Cashier at the Restaurant saw us both, and when I entered he probably confused me with him.

Three cars approached me from behind while I was walking towards the Auditorio Subway Station, zigzagging between blocks heading South West, I kneeled down to pretend to tie my shoelaces, walked duckling in the opposite direction hiding behind the parked cars, after passing the third car I ran, they followed and cut me both ways in a single street.

So I climbed a fence with fence spikes at the top, I jumped towards and climbed a tree from the fence, jumped into the roof from it and hurt my knee when I fell on the roof like a frog. It was a tall two story house, I moved crawling on the roof as far as was possible without being noticed and waited lying down on the roof.

After minutes I descended by jumping and climbing down another tree facing the street in the opposite side of the houses, it was perilous, but fortunately there was a long branch which reached the street not so high from ground level, the lowest, and I started swinging up and down so the branch was as close to the ground before it broke.

Then I jumped I don't remember if of on top of a car or the street itself, hid under a large truck, waiting for the Police to pass inspecting. It was a no show.

But apparently in those days, Polanco had private security: at least one car passed slowly when I was under a truck similar to a moving one, like scanning the street, and stopping at the intersection when there was no traffic to wait for. It had no light turrets like Police cars. The silence of the car suggested to me it was relatively new, and therefore relatively expensive.

I held from the gases escape system of the truck, the exhaust system, and it was hot, I had to move my hands constantly so

they did not got burnt: I was wearing a short sleeve Shirt. Even my feet got hot since I was holding with my feet crossed and locked to the escape tube proximal to the silencer of the escape system and I was wearing sneakers.

It might be thought that I knew how to do that from instinct, luck, intuition, etc., not at all.

I climbed the fence without harming me doing a split, like a gymnast. I trained for such, I was flexible and strong enough. Going down the roof I had luck, I admit, I did not broke anything nor injured otherwise just my wrists and ankles but such pain I had since I was a kid, and the presence, location and characteristics of both trees, one for going up and one for going down where extremely good faithful coincidences.

How did I knew those three cars were up to no good?. Where did my suspicions emerged?.

Experience and awareness.

Those three cars sounded too clunky to be from such Prosperous neighborhood.

They sounded different, and when I disappeared from their view by kneeling down below the line of cars, one decelerated: the driver stopped feeding gasoline into the engine and it changed the sound it made.

In those days most cars used carburetors and were noisier than now.

So, I waited for each to pass the car I was hiding behind at the spot of the tires as I was moving against their movement and then I ran, and they chased me.

I was walking, just walking like I did many times before in México City since I was a kid. I was doing nothing wrong, no one had a reason to be suspicious of me, except perhaps jealous boyfriends, but as I said I doubt someone followed us because of the chauffeur.

So, I guess someone in Polanco saw me, mistook me for someone else, and seeing the opportunity to kidnap their target took the advantage and opportunity because I was walking alone and attempted to kidnap me instead of whomever they were after.

It took me time to reach such conclusion, meanwhile I was suffering intermittent fear while I was with someone I cared about: I was courting a beautiful female from another medical school while we were in the same Hospital during our rotations, and when I remembered without knowing why they tried to kidnap me I might put her in peril if the culprits knew about us then I started trembling, sweating and lost partially my voice.

The fear of putting someone else at risk, specially a female or a minor caused me great fear, I was not worried about me, but about someone else I cared about.

Then, a little afterwards I still wanted to be with her long term, and in my worry for her and my fear of being hurt again in a long term relationship it hit me: “It was my fucking brother!”.

I do not know if such was the case, but then I truly believe it and started to let go of the issue…

Unfortunately although I could see she was a great woman and I felt intense attraction for a long term relationship with her, the fear of being hurt in such relationship if we broke up harshly brought some attenuated sense of fear, probably associated with

the residual emotions of the attempted kidnapping against me: I was not ready yet to try a long term relationship for as much as I wanted it with her.

And despite my confidence I could not be sure it was because of my brother someone tried to kidnap me then. And then there were some other issues which I am not elaborating from my past that if I was wrong and our relationship did not went well or something happened to her even if unrelated to me or us, I would not have forgiven myself since I cared so much for her, despite I hardly knew her.

And as in the past and the then future, I could not be honest when starting a long term relationship about my romantic life, even if I committed to remain not only loyal, as always, but faithful.

And all of that persisted and sometimes I started to have fear when I just saw her at the Hospital, so I gave up trying to be long term with her. If I remember correctly even after kissing her I started twitching.

My mother saw how I got anxious and fearful when she invited me to eat early afternoon and we reached the end of the comercial establishments to almost get to the residential area of Polanco, towards the direction where they tried to kidnap me. I was upset, angry, I wanted to have some sort of revenge and in such state I was subtly dragging my mother alongside me while she held my left forearm with her right hand.

She said I was walking too fast, then I realized I was imperiling my mother and I started to show signs of fear because with my recklessness I might have endangered her.

Then, I had a short time girlfriend, extremely beautiful too and

sometimes I had the same feeling and some display of intense emotion even after I realized they most likely confused me with someone else.

My daughter and her mother had left México before and although I did not have to worry about their safety because of the attempted kidnapping against me, I was still heartbroken since I did not knew if and when I would see my daughter again: the best daughter I could ever have.

Minutes after what I thought was private security of Polanco left, I carefully put my back on the pavement, still caressing the silencer of the escape system to not get my hands burnt, untangled my feet and started walking in the opposite direction.

It must have been a weekend or a holiday because I knew my mother would not be at work that day, she would not have been available to help me despite her office was a few blocks from there, and therefore proceeded to go against what I thought the kidnappers might expect I was going to.

When reaching the opposite end of Polanco at the street of Ejército Nacional I took a public transport which said Satélite, upon arriving to Satélite, another prosperous neighborhood north west México City, I got lost. It was night already and while walking I asked a male with the looks of a hard manual worker working on a Sunday how to get to the Subway Station of Pantitlán, he gave me directions including the route to catch another public transport, I changed slightly the route and in under two minutes I boarded towards the Subway.

I boarded the Subway, I left a Station at around a 5 minutes walk from the apartment where I lived, after leaving the entrance I kneeled on the pavement embraced it and kissed it.

Then I walked towards my house, but almost when reaching it I had the first fearful thought of the whole affair: the possibility kidnappers might target my mother since I led them to our house.

I am confident it was a Sunday because I was worried since on Sundays the Subway closed earlier and usually I carried no watch, hence I did not knew what time it was before I entered the Subway Station of Pantitlán.

Now that I reflect more on it it must have been during the summer break: I did got my hands a little burnt, I temporarily lost the crevices of my palms in some parts, but when I entered the Hospital in my Fourth Year of College my hands had already healed. And I remembered it hurt for at least a few weeks.

So it must have been the summer of 1994, when I was 21 yrs old.

I don't know if there were direct witnesses of the kidnapping attempt against me, I guess someone must have called private security of Polanco instead of the Police, but likely after I was going down the roof, not when going up, so to them, the dangerous one might have been me and not the kidnappers.

I was looking for a Police Car to tell them someone just tried to kidnap me and I saw none.

Well, how I managed such feat?: because I was a kid with ties to the street and since a young age I was intrepid. Such, among others probably saved my life, so being a kid who spent time on the street just for that was not a bad thing for me: I learned to walk México City even at night and other than that and a few cases of also mistaken identity I had no further problems.

Why am I retelling now a fuller version of this experience of

mine?: Because of the release from preventive custody of Israel Vallarta, whose case was related to kidnappings which according to some allegations might have been led, coordinated or profited by people claiming to be associated with Security in Polanco, and the Police or Crime Investigative Forces.

I had such suspicion back then: that such authorities and private security companies were connected or participated in the kidnappings. But in the 90s I did not heard explicitly such suspicions from someone else, it was merely a hunch of mine, later corroborated by journalistic research.

There is a good summary of some evidence and testimonials of such collected by kidnappings victims in the Book: “El Infierno tan temido: El secuestro en México”, by Saskia Niño de Rivera. There are others, but that's the one I read among newspapers reports.

It also narrates not only the victims' suffering, findings, experiences and transformations by their kidnappings, but the process by which kidnappers came to be such, and some social interactions which made some victims, according to them, more prone to be kidnapped.

It is an excellent book to get a feel of kidnapping in México around the 2000-2010s.

I always wondered if someone knew more about the kidnapping attempt against me, like if someone could confirm it was my identical twin brother who was the target. But the only person I knew who could possibly know denied advising people in Polanco on Security, despite allegations he had a business in liaison with the Police to retrieve the victims through negotiations with the kidnappers.

This was a fuller retelling of a piece I wrote addressing the implied dangerousness of me when I was young, narratively destined to my mother, among other experiences I had when I was too young.

Thanks.

Federico Soto del Alba.

Fin de este escrito Original de mi Autoría previamente publicado el 2 de Agosto de 2025.

Sometimes I was Fearless.

And it was not a bad thing for me.

Being sometimes Fearless, neglected and abused was not necessarily bad for me. I never wished it on anyone, I did not enjoyed and did suffer for it, but it gave me, in part, passion for life, love for everyone, insight, understanding, compassion, friendliness and equanimity.

I am not a lawyer, this is not legal advice nor medical advice.

I am not for psycho-trauma as a concept, it is vague, and the biological causality does not seem to be there, the evidence of brain changes or harms is probably too subtle if at all there, and as such undetectable probably even with fMRI, which is notorious for false positives.

When a child does go through true severe hardships there are quite visible effects, and up to the 90s some evidence at least for cortisol in experimental animal models shrinking the brains of rodents.

Short stature, failure to thrive, hair de-coloration or loss, etc., signs of under or malnutrition, at least 2nd or 3rd grade, and the rest. Like Kwashiorkor or Marasmus, but not necessarily present as "classical" because they are rarely seen in pure form, co-occurring infectious diseases, including intestinal parasites, forced migration, exposure to elements for lack of housing, etc. Not safely drinkable water too.

So, as such severe, in many children it was probably multifactorial, and the "inflammation" was not by western diet but by lack of food and co-occurring infections, and therefore

way more severe than the parroted for metabolic syndrome or alike.

But such are war, starvation and famine, forced migration or displacement, diseases of childhood like repeated diarrheas and sometimes pneumonia. Those nowadays and since the 90s were rare in most of the world, perhaps except Africa, East Asia and places in the Middle East.

And in Africa and I think East Asia some intoxications, like chronic aflatoxinosis which caused chronic hepatitis, and in some later on liver cancer. Hepatitis B and Epstein Barr infections contributed too. Lead poisoning, specially chronic, organic mercury and chronic arsenic, etc.

Battered Child Syndrome with multiple fractures in different healing stages in an immature skeleton, among others, and specially shaken baby syndrome which produces micro-bleeds in the brain, or subdural hematomas.

Those are severe and chronic things, not merely daddy did not love me...

Unlikely to be translated to the Western World, and were indirect: came from animal models, a little of medical savvy and knowledge of those diseases and their co-occurrence to understand how serious a child's condition needs to be.

And such knowledge is not part of the medical or medical specialists' curricula of First World Countries, but it is part of Third World Countries. And it requires in depth study instead of diagnostic checklist approaches prevalent for decades in the Western World.

Hence Psychiatrists in the Advanced Countries are unlikely to

know that and to have the appropriate perspective to not confuse things. And Clinical Psychologists can't know that in the first place: it would be impossible, I guess, for the great majority, it is way outside their training.

And it translates at least in short stature and the sequelae of battered child syndrome and shaken baby syndrome, among others. Those are not “mental” forms of abuse and/or neglect but severe physical ones. And shaken baby syndrome probably does produce cognitive problems because of shearing of axons in the brain and brain micro-bleeds.

Sometimes the alcohol provision to minors to get them to sleep, even as babies.

Comparing such Stresses, with other forms of familial abuse, like psychological, verbal, or emotional, specially neglect, for example, seems to me quite off the mark.

But one needs to truly know and love medicine, and actually have cared for children to study in depth and not being bamboozled with imaginary things like PTSD and cPTSD. And might lead to deception of other people for at least ignorance and carelessness. Incompetence and ill-will are also possibilities.

Now, there is another not recognized concept, not validated nor accepted, that sometimes can explain how people behave, as a grouping, not individually, it does not work to explain how this person behaves, but as a category it does: Near Dead Experiences.

Up until recently the thing was covered in paranormie's beliefs, but I read at least two recent books and people who had one do seem to behave like little buddhas: they see unity, connections among all living things, they have premonitory thoughts, correct or incorrect, deja-vuewy, and post-factos, kindness to others or all

living things, love of life, caring, etc.

Exactly the opposite of someone who does not appreciate life and feels miserably in the World. They in general feel good wherever they go and whatever they do: they flavor life most of the time, even in the most insignificant things for others, specially natural things.

In general, as usual overgeneralization is erroneous here too: they love life and feel good in the World, like a natural buddhist with years of training.

And the Buddha, probably had one when he nearly drowned because of too ascetic starvation, and to me, having had those since a child, explains why he formulated his spiritual or religious ideas: he was a near dead experiencer, nothing more, no enlightened being, not that special, etc. Smart, Educated and Influential he must have been though.

Unfortunately extreme fear can cause Near Death Experiences too, not necessarily being at the edge of not returning. But in them they do recall clearly everything happening like in slow motion and can see and hear more than usually. Their memory is pristine not faulty and patchy, although it might take time to remember, as far as I recall.

They have enhanced senses of what is happening, in general, during the dangerous event. But, my guess is not all: there is a bias in there too.

And if I remember correctly no pharmacological and many psychotherapeutic approaches provided no long term beneficial effect worth intervening when disasters occurred, to try to prevent PTSD. So, even early intervention in extremely dangerous fear inducing situations is not that beneficial, or not at

all. But I might be wrong at least in a minimal amount of intervention: supportive early on. And if everyone or a lot can be diagnosed with PTSD regardless, then no intervention will avoid putting the label on someone.

Making the idea of PTSD or cPTSD one for an untreatable state or an unshakable one: what's the point?.

Severe prolonged illness even under sedation like in Critical Care Units can cause it too. How does that happen?. Like in PTSD and cPTSD confirmation bias might be there too, or not.

But the hallmark of it is flat lining, for at least research purposes.

And hence near dead experiencers do suffer from severe illness, even if sudden, and/or severe trauma, physical one, not "mental" one.

Reminding that of people with a cardiac arrest only 5% survive, and several die within 30 days of having it. (I am not giving medical advice)

So, confirmed near dead experiencers are rare, hence it took decades to gather enough narratives to look for commonalities. And studies are not that large in the number of people, for the same reason. And of course confirmation bias is probably there too.

But to me, it fits, not only because I was always like that, but because I can explain the Buddha's teaching: it has explanatory and predictive power beyond how comfortable I feel with the idea personally just for me.

And I guess it can even explain some Religions, or Religious narratives like the Covenant: from little I know about Hebraism, I

guess those people who came from the Exodus, from Babilonia most likely, must have had a common one: a grupal cultural one, including a Speaking Mountain which I guess all probably heard equally, not only Moses.

And those severe hardship experiences produce the opposite of PTSD, from what I read, not merely my unverifiable experiences decades ago. Although now I have some clinical evidence, now, not then.

There is a movie with Jeff Bridges, "Fearless", great movie, it was made before enough narratives could give a more accurate view of the changes in near dead experiences, it might be worth watching and reading the books to debunk the PTSD or cPTSD, I think.

It exaggerates I think the temerarious behavior, but, as a kid, I did that too, I related to feeling alive and going sometimes too risky just because.

But, it helped me survive a kidnapping attempt, and bullies, thugs and what have you not know later on in my life.

And precisely because my family would not have missed me if I died, well, sometimes I became Fearless...

And for me, it explains better who I was and I am, than any psycho-bullshit, just for me, I am not peddling it to anyone else.

I even had several sort of heaven and hell experiences, dreamy like, but since I did not believed in either, not now even, those beings at least some of them, became, I guess I could call them my spiritual dreamy friends.

I narrated some of those Near Dead Experiencers and Dreams

associated with them in my "The Shadow and the Smoke".

So, for me, not believing in religion helped me enjoy those experiences too!.

So, where the trauma for me be there there? :)

There probably is another group of people who can show PTSD and cPTSD are not there there: homeless kids, or kids with connections to the street.

Those I knew, in general, were kind people, and really good with people: friendly, warmth and caring.

Orphans might be another.

Another thing is probably flashbacks are not only painful, they can be delightful like romantic and sexual ones. And unless I am a rarity, my guess is most people have them, specially males: it can lead to premature ejaculation, at least from time to time. And not always aware of them, or where they came. Or not willing to tell...

So I guess delightful and happy flashbacks are common too, and not "traumatic" at all.

And they can be used to enhance the new experience by making the new happy experience even better: I learned that listening to classical music and feeling the joy of it.

Sometimes it exhausts, but it can be recovered. I just tried remembering the feeling, not the situation, and it worked for me, it gave me passion for life. It can be translated outside classical music.

And a like for classical music is also common among near dead experiencers...

And finally, for people who have been abused I think there is a better remedy than psychotherapy and psychiatric medication: justice and a restoration or collocation in a safe environment.

What we all should have, and not treating the abused as if harmed long term or defective somehow, specially if with the labeling the effective remedies of truth, justice, reparations and safety are in fact denied with psycho-bullshit.

On the "trauma" and ADHD proposed link there is a recent article in The New York Times I tried to summarize somewhere else, and ADHD is also a bogus thing, apparently duplicitously denied and affirmed by the same experts in the field.

Finally, psychotherapy involves aggression by the therapists that if I follow the rhetorics, being common enough in psychotherapy sessions, and psychological and verbal abuse being able to "manifest" in unpredictable ways: sadness, anxiety, mistrust, over trusting, savior complex, looking for a protector, obsessive behavior, lack of caring, impulsivity, insomnia, too much sleep, etc., then going to psychotherapy seems to me like a Russian roulette if I follow the rhetorics of psychological trauma caused by psychotherapists.

So, hyperbolically, it seems to me having PTSD and going to psychotherapy for it might cause it, prolongue it, disguise it, or take a new form which will be difficult to diagnose and accept as caused by psychotherapy, and in such manner can explain why interventions for it are not that efficacious, apparently.

It sounds abstract: being harmed by psychotherapy, but they do gaslighting, epistemic injustice, inappropriate displays of

emotion, double whammies, lack of respect for boundaries, cajoling, emotional black mail, veiled threats and some more.

And a patient or client being “cared” by a clinical psychologist or a psychiatrist pointing that out when it happens leads, in my experience and in some other's I read in Mad in America to them becoming more violent, not less. They apparently behave covertly vindictive too.

So how could psychotherapy be part of Reparations?.

Absent severe physical abuse and/or extreme conditions calling it “Trauma” when hardship might be more appropriate seems to me misleading or deceptive, and probably used, among others, just for billing purposes: to collect cash not otherwise collectable.

And on the way too incredible early traumas that can't possibly be remembered besides the above I narrated, there is the psychoanalysis way of thinking with a different face.

Thanks.

Federico Soto del Alba.

Fin de este escrito Original de mi Autoría previamente publicado el 20 de Julio de 2025.

Sex, Attractiveness, Inheritance, Twin Studies and difficult to believe things.

My lived experience and some empirical evidence.

This is a post mixing lived experience, empirical evidence failures so far, with sex, attractiveness, genetical inheritance, twin studies and narratives which prima facie are difficult to believe. And my narratives are anecdotal, they don't say much to explain other people's lives, my guess. But the empirical evidence does.

I am not a lawyer, this is not medical nor legal advice nor advice of any kind. I do not authorize any medical use of the information provided in this text, or any other of mine.

This text emerged out of conversations originated in some article about genetics, mind stuff and I think Personality, probably involving twins.

I know this is anecdotal, but it might be a sort of tragic and comedic relief comment:

I have or had an identical twin brother, probably stolen/sold at birth. I cannot make such claim confidently despite I saw him, he hit me and my mother saw him once, because other than my testimony there is no other evidence I can provide. The Guard door in one of the Schools I atended saw him leaving the School with his "adoptive" parents.

I got into knocking out two dudes mobbing me in separate occasions as a late teen/adult accusing me of bravado when I was accompanied by other males and cowardice when I was alone: I had no idea what they were talking about, I always have been respectful and pacific.

Another time I was threatened in a Hotel because apparently they confused me with someone who most likely caused trouble in said Hotel.

I had sex with an extremely beautiful and prosperous woman who picked me on the street because she thought I was my twin brother!. In full disclosure several women picked me in similar manner. It was only after she looked for some mark in me when we were naked on the bed, when she realized I was not my twin brother.

One High School friend apparently confused me with my identical twin brother the first time we saw each other. There were other people, but I never asked, one of them is actually famous in México, but these ones are my guesses. We never elaborated. I was reluctant to do so since I was 7-8yrs of age.

I was almost kidnapped when I was walking in a prosperous neighborhood in México City because most likely I was confused with my brother, and it was after having sex with a woman I just met. So, I imagine at least until then he must have had a prosperous family, with all it involves, while I had hunger many times and spent a lot of time as a kid with connections to the street, strictly speaking I was not homeless, but close enough.

From what I gather, other than probably what some can call sexual promiscuity, I call it a free exercise of my Human Right to Sexuality, we probably shared very little behaviorally speaking. After all he was as handsome as me, why would that surprise me?.

And yet, from those and other experiences I got the impression he was a trouble maker, while I was not. He probably or possibly had bad attitudes towards women, which could explain his

probable beating in said Hotel.

When my mother saw him for the only time, he was very loquacious and funny: he ordered a different thing than what he received as food in the restaurant where we saw him with his parents. And apparently he did such a lot at least in this Restaurant because they served me something I did not order: they treated me at first like if I was my brother. It was a tomato soup, and I love tomato, for reasons that in fact we could share: genetics. Long story involving ECG, and some other stuff. Then again, I do not authorize any medical use of my narratives.

I usually was not loquacious or very talkative, I can behave like that when I am with women, some friends, etc. But generally I am perceived as quiet, I hate the word introvert, I was considered even as too serious and sometimes as an asshole, which I never was.

But those are inferences I think I can make even if admittedly very speculative and dependent, based only on my testimony.

One thing we might be discordant is in Intelligence: I was considered an above 170 IQ genius when I was four. But the test I think was an invalid one, it was arming a wooden puzzle inside an Autism sort of Clinic. Which I refused to repeat, because the whole testing me was done through emotional blackmail and coercion with violence against another kid who did behave like having Classical Autism in the 70s. I loved the guy even if we saw each other a few relative brief times there.

And the "an above" part was because we let the clock, the chronometer on the female test assessor's hand ran out, until she pressed the stop button after she was convinced, both of our arms crossed in defiant attitude we will not finish the puzzle. Hence the request for me to do it alone one more time: to time it

accurately enough this time.

So, we partnered, and he waved his hand at me then next time I saw him on the "clinic" when they asked me to take the test one more time, so, deep love at least from me to him, until this day. And for me: what was the point?, I already got something out of it, a good friend. And I never saw him again, yet, I wished him nothing but happiness.

But with such result I was not accepted in a Top School in México City at around 5-6yrs of age probably because my identical twin brother was already there in that School... my guess…

And comparing our photographs and my IQ result probably led to those two attempts to bring us together: one while I was picking up and trying my School uniform and the other at the Restaurant.

The first ended up with him beating me when I told him he was adopted. I allowed him to do so, but I guess I left him a mark which very well might distinguish us, but it is not visible with clothes on.

The second in my mother becoming shocked in such a way she refused to talk about it further, even with my father and one of her best female friends.

With her they pressured me into reenacting what he said at the Dinners, and in which face angles my mother saw him. After I looked straight at her like I imagine my twin brother did when I left the dinner alone my mother went mute...

I even faked I ran from the Dinners, clacking with my shoes on the pavement like it sounds when a person runs away: sounding lower and lower, and I was really good at doing that because of

bullies, I showed my mother it sounded like someone invisible was running away and she was so surprised I could do it when I was not even 7-8yrs old.

The tragedy is sometimes I forget I had or have an identical twin brother, and trying to remember led to my mother paying and organizing my kidnapping breaking the Law of involuntary psychiatric commitments. I have a Human Rights Commission Recommendation claiming so, explicitly or implicitly.

And we probably are also discordant on that: mental labels and mental violence against us, because it was my mother and father's, among others, sadistic and negligent behavior that put me in the vulnerability to be labeled as severely mentally sick.

Which I am not...

And I had a lot of bad luck meeting antisocial people who were not only delusional and hallucinatory who attacked me, but because I was for the most part Law abiding and very Ethical, such way of being triggered violence against me by many antisocial people.

And I doubt my identical twin brother is like that: just the bravado and the fact that at a tender age of 6-7yrs old he assaulted me, and during his assault he showed me he was very impulsive, temperamental, explosive even, and lacked equanimity. Which is very different from who I am since before that age...

Yeah, I wrote about it in several stories, and yeah, alleged, but I saw him, my mother saw him, the school guard saw him leave with his parents, the people at a dinners saw us both there at the same time, and those, as narratives are solid testimonials. But, proving it, being a crime, was always tough. Even my mother

then shared the dinners event with one of her female friends and both made me re-enact the whole thing, look to the left, look to the right, say this thing, until my mother convinced herself he was identical to me, then stopped talking about it. And one thing she came with after leaving the dinners, was that kid was loquacious, while I was not. She did not needed to say it: I saw it in her when we drove home.

I did not ran, I was confident she would feel sorrow, and she did, so I invited her with my left hand outside the Diners taking with my right hand her left hand to walk with me. And we did, she needed someone who sympathized with her, and I think I accomplished then at least that. I did some other support for her, but such I think is beside the point, and she talked about it with other people. And I have written about it.

I was loquacious, just not with everyone like him, he sort of was a show person, my guess. Which makes sense if his parents tried to adopt him and he was their only child, at a relatively old age, which I saw: they would have showered him with love and praise, even at small displays or accomplishments, again my guess. While I was not: I was treated like a small adult who was asked to be responsible and do not cause trouble even as a small child. And such was the least of it, I had to defend myself alone even against child sexual traffickers, several times.

So, it becomes more incredible, I had sex with someone who mistook me for him, and she was really rich, and beautiful. And curiously but congruously, she distinguished us probably on a scar I left him when we "fought" when we were kids, because he attacked me when I told him he was adopted. And I did that because he was bitting my right ear after punching me twice in the abdomen and scratching my face, to no avail, he was not that strong nor that competent with physical violence like I was. And such depended on our different circumstances, and for me it got

worse: I became a thug when needed.

Even my mother demanded when I was around 8 or 9yrs old, I did not defend my self against kids who were bullying me in swimming lessons. She must have at least suspected when they attacked me I could get very competent with physical aggression. She probably did not know or did not wanted to admit why: I spent a lot of time, even at night, on the streets because I was safer there than in my house. So I learned more than a few things. And she and my father probably heard rumors of my thuggishness. And saw some evidence, bruises, marks on my shoes, and one severe ligament/tendon lesion in my right knee when I was around 11-12yrs old: I had to wear bandages for several weeks. It was painful, and it is a truly dark story.

And it might seem like a bad thing: becoming a thug as a minor, but it helped me to help a homeless kid, to be best friends with him. To defend him, even avenge him in a way he could not. Hence the bandage, probably, who remembers those things clearly?. Clearly not in my best interest even now…

So, even at 6-7 yrs of age we were different: I had an equanimity bordering in numbness from others' point of view, and he was explosive and prone to rage, for example. He did not stop kicking me when I was on the ground, despite I shouted, until his parents removed him, and it became a private scandal at the school I was attending. Probably only the teacher, the guard, the school director and me knew enough to suspect. Then not even my mother.

They did not explain anything to my mother, and my mother saw the bruises on my back from the kicking, then, probably because it was unbelievable, but my guess is they did their checks, and the next year they did not wanted me there, because of that. And whenever someone attacked me that way, either I stopped them,

or I told my mother. But on that occasion, I could not, no one would have believed me then. And they sort of kicked me out when the school director was actually our teacher. Figures...

So, rather than sounding more believable, it becomes more difficult to believe, but for me it makes sense, I was there. I had sex with several women who had mansions, sort of summer retreat houses, expensive cars, special accommodations in artistic venues, and went abroad for education. Even with some famous females, world known, but how do I talk about it?, and I never intended to pinpoint any of them, and they were a lot, I was so lucky.

But then, people wonder how is that possible?. Then it becomes more incredible, more women, more sex, etc. I narrated a lot of it, it was great to remember it, it took me time, but it makes sense to me. And there is a simple way to see at least it is possible for some males: think of a Gigolo who does not charge…

A Manhore who does it just to see women happy without any money exchange among the parties directly involved, like Deuce Bigalow: Male Gigolo without any fees. Just the essentials: cars, gasoline, Hotel Bills, houses, the opportunity and the reputation.

Or just you know, wherever…

Right?, those guys have narratives giving me the impression they love women, they love seeing women happy, specially when they feel sad, neglected, rejected or hurt. And I had such attitudes since I was a young kid. For me females were always important, and trying to make them happy with the one thing rarely failed most of the times worked: sex.

And there were a lot of females who probably felt such way, I know, I felt that way too, despite I must have had some

popularity among them, some even asked if my name was my name!?.

But then, having a long term partner when I was young, given my circumstances was difficult. So much so, that I only had a few, and it did not worked long term for us, despite we tried.

And in that I think circumstance was determinant, not just mine, but theirs. Either we were too young to have a long term commitment, they were already divorced and had a split family to take care of, had demanding jobs, or were widows or divorced women who were way older than me. And I loved them, but most could see it would be problematic to have a public relationship that lasted longer and was more public.

And at least one tried, but I did not wanted her to be offended, not because she could not handle it, she said so quite clearly, but because I could not. But she afterwards ended having a partner her own age, so happy ending for us. The three of us, I guess.

Just, who is going to believe that based on my narratives alone?, but, grounding in relevance, I guess we were different, my twin brother and I: he was a bully when among other males, given I was almost beaten in lieu of him, at least three times. Apparently he was beaten in a Hotel, and I was threatened instead of him afterwards, probably because he was mean to women.

Long story, but women in the 90s did that: rent a hotel room, pick males to have sex with them, in turns to use the hotel room, then left. And males who were nasty to women or caused trouble were either kicked out or beaten. And two friends were there with me that time, and one did notice the threatening fist, and as I told him I had never been to that hotel.

So why the threat?, I was drunk yes, but I was not aggressive, the

other friend with me was: he was an antisocial who hurt women together with his “buddies” or relatives. I saw that, I just never had proof to go to the DA.

That's why I went to the hotel, to take him off those women's backs because I was familiar with why they brought him there, just he was not fun at sex, and he was truly evil, despite I was drunk.

But one had to be there to know those things.

And about psychological impact: none, I was not damaged nor traumatized, and I do not accept psycho approaches, beyond the physical, I did not suffer for it. I mean, I had been in worse situations, I was shot at with a fire weapon at least once, and I came fine, looking for psycho trauma instead of justice to me is misguided.

It just leads to a sobbing sort of putting one self into a victim category who must suffer for things which are not relevant nor important to feeling good, and were not even then after it happened. And it distracts from using the Law to settle matters, recurring to psychological counsel or worse psychiatric treatment when legal trials are more in order. Gathering evidence, confronting it, weighting it, etc.

And despite I had worse, I also had great, and I have no regrets…

But then, I don't think it raises questions empirical research has not answered before, my story is anecdotal.

And one thing I came out with reading little of said research, as summarized is: people can't measure those things, how intellectually attractive one person is for the opposite gender. It can't be measured with enough precision how one tends to

behave in a given set of circumstances, and how those measures are correlated with several genes splitting as a whole group, a sort of “large allele”, which is more a set, a group of several alleles that by nearness tend to go together. You know, the mixing upon meiotic recombination…

Such does not mean intellectual attractiveness, measured as IQ nowadays or 5 factors models, does not influence reproductive success, but both IQ, 5 factor or more models and all personality measurements are Fraudulent, Fictions passed as Scientific and Empirical when they demonstrably cannot be either.

Finally, it is common experience females and males enjoy smart partners, and funny partners, and partners with equanimity like features in their behavior, etc. Or aggressive ones, even then, it depends on each human's unique situation, like picking your presidential successor for the Mexican Presidency: it depends, if it is economical this one, if it is security this one, etc.

It just so happens those things nowadays cannot be measured accurately with mere intersubjective measurements like 5 factors models, or the previous MMPI, or IQ tests. Specially disregarding how circumstances do have a strong influence on mate selection in various, sometimes serendipitous ways. It might be it will never make sense: some pregnancies are accidents, some do might reflect a desirable set of traits in a partner, some just going along, some misjudgments or misappreciation, etc.

Just think of equanimity, how do you measure such?. Or a tendency to physical violence among males?, or a nurturing feminine behavior?. Or male dominance among males?. With 5 factors models?, it will lead to more correlations, not less, to then try to find genes which could explain things. And such seems unlikely, there are too many proxies there. And all from self rated questionnaires, not from objective measurements.

And the biggest one of all gets in the mix: fertility. I think it is a common observation among ethologists, at least some female primates have more descendants than others. But in humans, we don't know, we know 15% of couples experience sub-fertility, but most couples nowadays have 1 or 2 kids, no more. So, how relevant is that for natural selection nowadays?. The fraction of sub-fertile couples becoming childless or adopting is way smaller than 15%, if I am remembering correctly.

And sub-fertility is heavily environmentally influenced too. Just the pregnancies at relatively old ages for females point in such direction,

Finally physical attractiveness, I guess, has not been explained genetically with enough success, and it is common knowledge from observations it is inherited, and as such, probably under the influence of natural selection.

——"If the mother is attractive the daughter must be more so", which I think is actually the opposite. It is common knowledge or preconception attractive females marry ugly males: lucky dudes!.

And all teens are too attractive to each other in more natural circumstances, making physical attractiveness, physical beauty, not that relevant to pregnancies in teen-hood, as I think opportunity is more important (leave two teens together regardless how attractive they find each other and without contraception most likely you are going to have a pregnancy at some point), but then there are some who are more attractive even in teen-hood. Who could have more "success", I guess, it just so happens, teen couples, my guess, tend to be monogamous for at least 4 years at the max. Then physical beauty might be more relevant than opportunity. But then, some societies create opportunities for teen pregnancies through monogamous life

long marriage practices, making it more of a mess.

Why would intellectual attractiveness should not be important?. It might be subtler, and probably more related to early pregnancies during teen-hood than in adulthood, when one in more natural settings chooses a long term partner in most Societies, which tend to be monogamous for Cultural Reasons, not Biological ones, but still, there might be something there. I just think it can't be measured as they are trying nowadays.

And nowadays teen pregnancies were at least in decline in the more advanced societies, but such might not be the case of the UK: it is historical knowledge there people tended to marry around 27yrs of age for females, and older for males, after relatively long courtships. So, more mess, then including class differences makes more mess.

Hence the poor correlations in the single digits band, sometimes low single digits band, although IQ has a 17% category status, or around there, then again, I think it is a proxy for what we call smartness not intelligence, whatever those are…

Which to me is the problem: no one knows what intelligence is beyond I know when I see it or by comparison, same as physical attractiveness. But such are feelings, not metrics, despite IQ looks like a measurement, hence the confounding talks, and even a lot of pairings of those do not make for objective measurements, mere intersubjective ones, which it is claimed are probably correlated with somethings people can't measure accurately either.

Then more correlations, more talk about confounding, etc., and it goes on and on and on…

And there is a fine point there: people choose mates on subjective

basis, not objective ones. Although status symbols do have some objectiveness to them. Then again, how relevant is that for reproduction in practice?.

More mess, the so called infidelity then raises, among others, its head, ugly or not. And such was more the case in the past than in the present. Now, it might be more of a very deliberate choice.

And I had that too, just you know, only twice I can be confident we had a shared child, which by circumstance I could not be there to raise him or her.

And those are just two with reasonable grounds to my confidence, in one case with little doubt: she said she was pregnant, but there at least other four. In one case she disappeared, probably to have a pregnancy with her husband, but we did had sex without a condom around those times only once. What do I make of that beyond she went to check out I was who I claimed I was, and in that instance we had sex without a condom, unlike other times?. And she disappeared, probably because they moved to a larger house, my guess. We talked a lot, just so happens she was not explicit about her life, but for me it was not difficult to guess. It was me doing the talking most of the time.

And if twin-hood is inherited, then more of a mess, more incredible, etc.

Just two narratives are illustrative of the mess it was for us, which I have not finished writing nor published: one when I was around 13yrs of age with a female who was around 27, my guess. The other with a lesbian couple when I was around 25. Neither said a word, in the first I heard rumors, in the second it gave me the impression they wanted a child, and I went along with it, knowing, it would be their child, not mine…

And in the last one, the lesbian couple, it would have been difficult it was not wished for because the first time I used a condom, we barely if at all knew each other, but the second time I did not, and they agreed with it, they actually called me back the same afternoon when I was leaving, to have intercourse with the other female. And the one who probably got pregnant was the most male averse, so it seems difficult to believe for me she used contraception. And both held their hands in such loving asking way if it was ok to do it, leaving me little doubt they wanted a child. I guess they just expected the mother to be the other one, the one with more equanimity.

And during sex, her partner and I got the impression she ovulated while we were giving her oral sex, at the same time, she was standing between us, me at the front and her partner behind her, both of us kneeling, she was standing and leaning towards the wall or some furniture so she did not pass out, it happens, I have seen it and probably her partner did too. Hence I suggested it, and then I realized it was not their house. And as a tip, when sex is so intense, just grab a joint, be safe, don't be in a situation you or your partner can fall or hit against something hard, it helps preventing passing out, I was grabbing both her knees with my hands because of that.

And given her partner was doing oral sex in an unsafe manner, told me they were a long term couple, not promiscuous with males. Such practice would have been dangerous at the end of the 90s, when AIDS in México was a big scare, specially among homosexuals. And such practice was known enough as dangerous: it was then called the black kiss.

And about the ovulating suspicion, it happens, I saw the facial expression of her partner, and I had that at least with one girlfriend: just strong kissing or even holding hands before

kissing gave me that impression, the small pain felt when ovulating. And with that girlfriend I felt it twice in one single menstrual cycle, on opposite sides. We loved each other so much and were so intimate without having sex: we were teens and wanted to have an education.

It is a hunch, but with familiarity and keeping track of the date, I guess it can be somewhat accurate. I have felt it, it is a sympathy thing. And it is not an isolated thing: male partners of pregnant females feel nausea too during pregnancy among many others.

You know: simpático!.

Thanks.

Federico Soto del Alba.

Fin de este escrito Original de mi Autoría previamente publicado el 10 de Junio de 2025.

Notas a mis escritos autobiográficos.

Ipse dixit...

Soy el Dictador de mi Propia Historia. Entiendo mucho de lo que he escrito de mi vida es difícil de creer para otras personas, y lo poco que falta también. Parece increíble en el agregado de mis recuerdos, no considerados de forma aislada.

No soy licenciado en derecho, esto no es consejo legal ni médico ni de ninguna otra forma. Mis afirmaciones o alegatos son a mi leal y sabio entender, y están coloreados por mi calidad de víctima sin justicia...

--"Ni a la Clau Clau le van a poder verificar mucho de su vida, y ¡dicen que era guerrillera!".

De forma aislada tener una hija o un hijo siendo muy joven no es increíble.

De forma aislada tener sexo con varias mujeres siendo muy joven tampoco me parece increíble, aún si hubieran sido cientos: un gigoló que no cobra.

De forma aislada tener un hijo o una hija siendo muy joven y que no se reconociera o que renunciara de alguna manera al reconocimiento de mi paternidad no me parece difícil de creer.

Que ocasionalmente pero intensamente pasara tiempo en la calle con las consideraciones pertinentes tampoco me parece imposible.

Visto independientemente, mis conexiones con la calle, no tendrían nada de increíble como influyentes en mucho de lo que

recuerdo, o no deseo hacerlo.

Y hasta de mis desmemorias, olvidos, confabulaciones y confusiones...

Y en el agregado mi motivación y persistencia, junto con las oportunidades que tuve de buscar la felicidad de la forma en que lo hice podrían hacer creíble lo que en el agregado no lo parece, cuando aisladamente e individualmente sí lo serían.

Motivación, esfuerzo, persistencia y oportunidades congruentes con mi forma de ser, de actuar, de desear, de pensar y hasta de soñar.

De eso, sólo las oportunidades tuvieron materialidad, lo demás es espiritual. Hasta el esfuerzo físico, en la mayoría de las veces dependía sólo de mí. Hay excepciones y además significativas: a cada quien su cada cual.

Lo que para mí significa que lo hubiera hecho de haberlo querido y haber tenido la oportunidad de hacerlo y así lo hice. Si tuve las oportunidades fue porque otras personas me las dieron o las crearon para que yo pudiera tenerlas.

¿Qué les motivó a hacerlo?: eso no lo puedo alegar yo por ellas.

A lo largo de mi vida he tenido recuerdos fragmentarios, imágenes de lo que hasta ese momento había vivido, generalmente propiciados por alguna imagen similar en el instante en que tuve un recuerdo fragmentario.

Nunca quise narrar mi vida pasada detalladamente.

Mucho de lo que viví deseaba dejarlo atrás, no permitir que definiera qué vida deseaba tener en ese momento o en el futuro,

ni qué percepción o impresión de mí otras personas podían crearse: estaba yo delante de ellas, no tenía yo que alegar nada más que al estar ahí.

En otras circunstancias la privacidad, intimidad, el secreto necesario me alentó a no recordar plenamente o a modificar lo que debía recordar: cambiar los detalles superfluos de mis recuerdos y quedarme sólo con lo esencial de mis experiencias.

Pero también quise en algún momento recordar vívidamente los momentos de felicidad que tuve, especialmente cuando muera.

De niño tuve una experiencia cercana a la muerte siendo muy joven y lo que imaginé durante ella fueron cosas que si las interpretara como reales ocurrieron antes de que yo naciera: materialmente imposible que las recordara o las imaginara siendo menor de dos años de edad.

Y al despertar, al recobrar la consciencia las recordé claramente, hasta me pregunté: ¿Qué fue eso?.

Al despertar de esa experiencia, aún si por la edad y el testimonio de mi madre, controvertida para otros como experiencia cercana a la muerte, además de recordar las imágenes recordé el sentimiento de perplejidad de imaginar algo que no pude haber vivido a esa edad.

Entiendo que puede ser interpretado espiritualmente, aunque no materialmente como vidas pasadas, pero no creo haber vivido, si acaso, de esa forma, así que para mí esas imágenes fueron más bien una aceptación de la violencia del mundo en que yo viví.

Sé que a esa edad sería difícil que yo comprendiera la violencia del mundo con ese detalle, pero precisamente porque después experimenté sueños con cosas en las que nunca me eduqué ni en

las que yo creí siempre interpreté que, espiritualmente, de alguna manera es posible intuir, incluso saber, cosas que materialmente no parece posible.

De manera que desde esa edad intenté guardar sólo los buenos recuerdos de lo que sería mi vida futura para que cuando tuviera esa experiencia ya no en cercanía sino en definitiva, ese último examen de mi vida fuera lo más agradable posible.

Finalmente siempre traté de vivir mi vida sin lastimar a nadie más, ni a mi mismo.

Además de que escaso tiempo después tuve el recuerdo y la poderosa experiencia espiritual de haber vivido con una mujer, con un alma gemela en el pasado, quien no iba a estar conmigo en esta vida y que por el tipo e intensidad de la experiencia no podía narrar a nadie.

De esa experiencia y sus recuerdos no tuve que elaborar nada: fue una experiencia estando despierto, consciente, todo lo que imaginé y sentí fue vívido y por tanto los recuerdos fueron extremadamente claros desde un inicio.

Lo único que pudiera originar duda, aceptando que es una experiencia espiritual, no material, era mi corta edad: tenía yo alrededor de dos años de edad.

Aunque para mí pudo haber dado origen a interpretar que sí tuve una vida pasada con una mujer, una compañera espiritual y material extraordinaria por mucho tiempo atrás, precisamente por la naturaleza de la experiencia es que en su lugar, entonces tuve la convicción de que ésta sería la última de mis vidas y que ella no iba a estar conmigo ni en alguna futura aún si la hubiera tenido.

Y dado que sí deseé vivir con ella otra vez, amarla otra vez como en el pasado, entonces concluí que si espiritualmente hubiera sido posible lo hubiéramos logrado en algún momento.

Por eso mi convicción desde niño que no me quedaba otra vida que ésta, aún si por mis experiencias espirituales, múltiples, no sólo esas dos, hubiera podido hasta alegar que espiritualmente sí se puede vivir otra vida después de la presente, pero como yo tengo la convicción firme de que no va a funcionar para mí, no puedo alegar congruentemente que le vaya a funcionar a nadie más...

Admito que hasta cierta edad, aún si pocas personas lo supieron de manera suficientemente clara, fui, a pesar de mi aspecto enclenque, una especie de Raffles mezclado con Mazacote.

Digo, al personaje del Mazacote no lo admiré más que en su amistad, pero a Raffles sí...

Otro personaje al que admiré pero desprecié en su misoginia y racismo, entre otras cosas, fue a Boogie el Aceitoso, y con ese personaje, desafortunadamente hubo algunos paralelos en mi vida, de los que prefería no acordarme, al menos con detalle, y menos vívido.

Demasiado tarde: tras un borrachazo, en parte deliberado, empecé a recordar cómo llegué a ser ese Raffles y Mazacote con algo de Boogie el Aceitoso.

Pero, en ocasiones me es imposible no acordarme, algo me impulsa a intentar recordar y muchas veces sí raya no en lo meramente difícil o imposible de creer, sino en lo materialmente terrible, pero explicativo de quien fui, quien soy, qué es lo que hice, porqué lo hice y cómo.

Así las cosas.

De la mayor parte de lo que he escrito de mi vida hubo testigos: los otros involucrados.

En algunos casos quizá evidencia fotográfica o videográfica, no lo sé con precisión, pero tengo esa sospecha.

En ocasiones traté de no narrar lo que había vivido a pregunta expresa porque deseaba dejar atrás mucho de mi vida, especialmente la que fue difícil para mí o para personas a las que aprecié y amé. O que aún sin huella, sin marca, sin fijar un destino negativo para mí, a otros menores pudo incluso costarles la vida.

También pude ver que algo de lo que viví pudo dar origen a la interpretación de una voluntad de hacer el bien por alguien más o de haber sido excepcional en cosas que al menos a algunas personas pudieron parecer positivas.

Desde niño, por al menos dos experiencias de desempeño intelectual, siempre fui averso al halago de mi desempeño o comportamiento intelectual y moral.

Siendo además la presentación de mi vida parcial, incompleta, por necesidad ya no de preservar únicamente lo bello, lo íntimo, lo necesariamente secreto y compartido entre dos personas, sino además aquello que pudo ponerme en un problema legal aún si era yo menor de edad, o bien que podía representar erróneamente quién era yo, quién deseaba ser, o impedir mi elección de vivir una vida mejor: libre de violencia en mi contra o en contra de otras personas.

Entonces traté de no decir más que lo mínimo necesario de mi vida, especialmente porque muchos, muchas mujeres no me

autorizaron a hacerlo, y era muy claro para mí, que hubiera sido inapropiado haberlo hecho, por varias razones, especialmente la proximidad que todavía teníamos.

Mi vida no fue doble, no actué de forma incongruente, no escondí nada, simplemente lo más valioso de mi vida fue privado, íntimo, y a veces secreto, nada más. Con las salvedades de dos párrafos más arriba.

Siempre quise que nada de eso, más que el mínimo fuera privado: amar y ser amado de forma abierta, pública, conocida y aceptada, si no apreciada por todos, y eso no fue posible más que en escasas ocasiones, al menos para mí.

De ahí nuestra necesidad de mantenerlo privado y hasta oculto de los demás.

Hubo ocasiones de narrar en forma parcial mi vida: al parecer aquello que a alguien más le parecía significativo.

Pero más que desafortunadamente esas personas no tenían ni buenas intenciones, ni la competencia para inducir el recuerdo y su formulación de manera ni verídica ni precisa. Ya no digamos útil, sino contraproducente, y a veces hasta perversa: fomentando el falso recuerdo de violencia en mi contra que no sólo nunca pasó, sino que no pudo haber pasado.

Y de manera recalcitrante e irrespetuosa al menos en mi contra. Peor aún, sin mayor testimonio creíble que el mío, que además fue cuestionado fuera de un procedimiento donde yo tuviera garantías mínimas que permitieran esclarecer algún tipo de verdad autobiográfica, aún si parcial e incompleta, y con las protecciones que la misma Ley, por mi edad y circunstancias de otra manera me hubieran, en principio, garantizado.

Y además encubriendo o minimizando la que sí pasó, por las circunstancias en las que mi madre, mi padre y mi familia me pusieron: por sus acciones y omisiones. También por sus malas intenciones.

O de la comunidad en la que me encontraba en ese momento: in bis in idem.

Por cosas objetivas, no subjetivas: por hechos, no por asegunes ni especulaciones, especialmente provenientes de personas que no saben efectivamente ¿porqué los demás se comportan así?. Y que atraídos por su falta de pericia en lo social, pretenden, mi especulación, subsanarlas en la Academia.

--Lo que Natura non da, Salmantica non presta.

Y hasta en eso, en los efectos intentaron pervertir la narrativa, a futuro de mi vida, razón por la cual me negué a recordar y elaborar lo que sí pasó que fuera significativo para ellos, y que además por la intención claramente apreciable por haber sido expresada sin mucho lugar a duda aún si no explícitamente, de cosas que con otra actitud, y quizá en otro contexto, en otra circunstancia, no sólo hubieran sido creíbles, sino actuables, remediables o al menos útiles de haberlas recordado y elaborado.

Si no para mí, para alguien más...

Al menos pudo llevar a que yo buscara consejo o ayuda de otras personas, en vez de en la mayor parte navegármela solo, con múltiples personas y situaciones en mi contra, precisamente porque las acciones y omisiones de mis padres y otras personas me parecen de tipo delincuencial o cuando menos ilegal, aceptando que como a todo mundo se le debe la presunción de inocencia.

Pero también es cierto que en algunas circunstancias el sospechoso era yo de forma prejuiciosa y mal intencionada, cuando hubo evidencia objetiva de cosas que eran potencialmente delincuenciales, como la extorsión, la amenaza, el sabotaje o la portación o uso de un arma de fuego, en mi contra...

Siempre aprecié una intención, incluso aviesa, de explorar conmigo mi vida pasada en ese contexto o similares, por eso en esas circunstancias siempre recordé y elaboré lo mínimo necesario, incluso lo requisitario, lo ya narrado por mí, aún si no fuera verídico pero suficientemente significativo de mi vida: ilustrativo.

Como el cuántas parejas sexuales había tenido, porque estaba yo consciente de que sería difícil para la mayor parte de las personas aceptar el número aproximado apegado a mi recuerdo, y además por su contenido, a la realidad.

Y porque se iba, como se hizo aún en un limitado número, erróneo, de seis, interpretar como si mi "infidelidad" fuera elocuente de manera negativa ya no de mi vida, que pudiera separarse de mi persona por nuestras circunstancias y elecciones suficientemente libres, sino de forma inseparable de juicios de negativo valor contra de ellas. En contra de cientos de ellas.

Y además de forma no solicitada ni aceptable por mi parte, porque además se reflejaría también de forma negativa hacia las otras personas con quienes las viví.

Aunque hubiera podido intentar ignorar los juicios morales, psiquiátricos o psicológicos de individuos mal intencionados, con una causa moral qué perseguir en mi contra, sin tener ni fundamento, ni autorización ni atribuciones para ello, además de forma sinvergüenza, en el mínimo creí que era mejor no incitar al mal comportamiento, precisamente no narrando lo que había

vivido: decidí no alimentar a la bestia...

Y muy probablemente pésimamente documentado: como ejercicio biográfico probablemente en el mínimo hubiera sido inútil, y en el resultado: pernicioso, prejuicioso, impertinente y carente de entendimiento propiamente humano, posiblemente con una comprensión efectiva ni siquiera al nivel de un adolescente.

Ya no digamos con la comprensión, compasión y humanidad de una mujer madura y con experiencia...

Hasta Rebeca, mi amiga gatuna probablemente tenía mejor comprensión de mi vida, quizá hasta pasada, que aquellos que pretendieron entender quien fui yo, en el supuesto de comprender quien era yo, y predecir quien sería yo.

Para Rebeca, creo el "para muestra sólo falta un botón" debió ser suficientemente elocuente.

Pero como cantó Chava Flores: A pero eso sí... predicciones abundaron.

Y además narrarlo daría paso a la obligación de justificarlo, cuando la Libertad Sexual como Derecho Humano no lleva ninguna obligación como mero ejercicio de ese derecho de justificarse, excusarse ni explicarse. Y menos a personas que no estuvieron ahí: que no fueron por ejemplo ni mis amigas, ni mis parejas sexuales.

No fui un desobligado con ninguna de ellas, por cierto.

Y sí, en algún momento me coercionaron explícitamente, sin lugar a duda, a mentir, pero quien lo hizo fue una persona de comportamiento misándrico y quien se debió dar cuenta de su

maldad, de sus problemas de conducta y además profesional, era ella y no yo.

Tengo la impresión, que además ella generó, que el Ministerio Público y probablemente el abogado, supuesto, que el MP le recomendó tuviera debieron dejárselo suficientemente claro.

Además de que yo creo habérselo explicitado lo suficientemente bien para que de manera autónoma, con la mera lectura razonable de sus obligaciones legales, no de mera espuria ética profesional, de manera autosuficiente tuviera conciencia plena de qué persona era ella, no yo: su enfoque, qué práctica profesional ejercía: sus elecciones, y qué interpretar de su forma de ser y de vivir: lo común de su profesión.

Obvio, no fue la única persona con esas características en el ámbito profesional, fuera de algunos colegas, siempre tuve esa percepción lo suficientemente clara y además basada en sus dichos y sus acciones, de manera que creo mi percepción aunque en el aspecto parece subjetiva, sus dichos y sus actos tienen un carácter objetivo aún si son evidentes únicamente en mis narrativas y además como actos y omisiones humanas sujetas a la necesaria interpretación contextual.

Así las cosas, habiendo explicado porqué no tuve intención de narrar mi vida, ni intenté hacerlo, ya no digamos esfuerzo de hacerlo, queda la necesidad implícita de justificar la veracidad de mis escritos autobiográficos, a pesar de que en esencia, salvo por lo inusual en el agregado de lo narrado en ellos más allá de lo espiritual, en lo material, por la mera primera impresión de incredulidad no veo necesidad de hacerlo:

Porque en el contexto de mi vida tiene sentido. Mucho de lo que recuerdo haber vivido cabe en el curso de mi vida de manera congruente, hasta armónica con mis circunstancias, mis deseos,

mi forma de ver el mundo y a otras personas, con mis intenciones con ellas y conmigo, y con las oportunidades de actuar guiándome en mis deseos, pensamientos, habilidades adquiridas y otros sentimientos.

A mí me cuadra, y como mis recuerdos no sólo es mi privilegio, sino parte de mis derechos y fuera de la obligación fundada de manera legal, fuera del diálogo o la charla apropiada, creo que nadie tiene ni el derecho ni la obligación de cuestionar mis memorias, ni mis escritos de ella, salvo donde la Ley así los obligue o les dé los derechos de hacerlo, además de manera explícita y aplicable en mi contra.

Yo, salvo los referidos en mis escritos me niego a concederles, otorgarles o reconocerles ningún derecho en ese sentido: no les doy ni permiso ni venia ni gracia de interrogarme acerca de mis narrativas autobiográficas. Y no se las daré ¡nunca!.

Que si hay algunos no referidos ahí que quisieran charlar: con mucho gusto siempre y cuando no hayan sido o sean trabajadores de la mal llamada salud mental, o bien que se hayan entrenado en esos campos: Sicología y/o Siquiatría.

E imagino de forma al menos respetuosa, y considerada en el mínimo de que algunas de esas memorias, como mi testimonio pueden tener valor legalmente probatorio o indiciario, y que al involucrar a otras personas, aún carente de tal valor, se estaría afectando al menos la estima que yo tengo de ellas, o incluso el que ellas tuvieran, o pudieran formarse o haber tenido de mí y de lo que vivimos, así como la de sí mismas.

Y esa estima, ese valor legal, moral o emocional, al ser también contextual, no es predecible en sus efectos o alcances de forma abstracta, desligada de mis circunstancias, ni las de los demás. Que además en su mayor parte son desconocidas para los no

directamente involucrados.

De manera que atacar el contenido de mis escritos autobiográficos, aún si pretendidamente por un o varios profesionales, fuera del contexto apropiado o hasta idóneo, legalmente fundado y motivado, no sólo me puede perjudicar a mí, sino a otras personas de forma imposible de predecir. Y por tanto tratando de evitar perjuicios, en el mínimo deben tratar mis escritos autobiográficos con el debido respeto, y por extensión a las personas ahí narradas, aún si de forma anónima o no suficientemente clara.

Que no puedan ver perjuicio no significa que no lo haya: Ya lo narré, esos daños son imposibles de predecir por el mero desconocimiento de nuestras circunstancias y las consecuencias de sus acciones, no de las mías, ni de las nuestras.

Como ejemplo: el derecho, si así lo ejerciera ella, de al menos una de mis descendientes a saber quién fue su padre de mi propia voz, a sabiendas que por la circunstancia su madre debió narrarle lo suficiente de mí. A diferencia de otras hijas e hijos donde su madre no tuvo esa oportunidad de forma suficientemente completa.

Admito que a una de ellas, quizá lo mejor no fue decir nada de mí a mi hija biológica.

No fui el padre que deseé ser: al menos presente, pero no me quedó la duda que sus madres decidieron de la mejor manera posible y que por las circunstancias que en su momento no elaboramos lo suficiente, yo no ví otro curso de acción que respetar sus decisiones y actuar en consecuencia.

Aún si en ese momento entendí que estaba renunciando a mi paternidad, es hasta hace poco, décadas después que

dolorosamente comprendo que renuncie a algo que no aprecié con la suficiente profundidad.

Era yo muy joven, en un solo caso ambos éramos muy jóvenes.

Y salvo en un solo caso la circunstancia de una madre me quedó suficientemente clara porque ella me la explicó y fue sólo con ella que pude ser padre como deseé haber sido por poco tiempo, aún si sólo de forma ocasional y recurrente, y a escondidas, en secreto de mis amigos, conocidos y hasta de mi familia.

Y a ella fue a la única a la que le expliqué esa parte de mi vida donde fui en parte Raffles y Mazacote con la suficiente claridad aún si muy carente de detalles porque ella tuvo evidencia objetiva que era plausible, y como tal en mi circunstancia y por mi narrativa quizá verídico para ella aún si carente de detalles.

Ella fue una de las dos personas que en algún momento me pidieron que me alejara de esa vida, y así lo hice.

Siempre estuve disponible para ser el padre que desearan yo hubiera sido: nunca me escondí.

Me queda el para qué narrarlo después de recordarlo y elaborarlo.

Porque además de que era mi deseo que ellas con quienes viví tanta felicidad tuvieran la posibilidad de saber que me acuerdo con amor y dolorosa nostalgia de nosotros ahora me doy cuenta que es posible que esa hija de la que fui padre ocasional y temporal por las circunstancias sea la única persona a la que le importe leer la narrativa de mi vida.

Sé que después de más de treinta años de no vernos, de no saber de nosotros es así planteado poco probable que incluso ella

tuviera ahora el interés de saber más de mí.

Y que siendo lo más probable que su madre le hablara lo suficiente de mí, habiendo cosas que no pudo decirle de mi pasado porque no las hablamos, hay cosas en ese ahora pasado de más de 30 años que quizá le interesarían.

Al menos porque como recuerdo éramos muy similares, y ella fue una niña excepcional en quien ví reflejado cómo quise comportarme, como quise ser.

En ella y su madre vi el amor y el medio en el que me hubiera gustado vivir y buscar la felicidad, patentemente porque recuerdo que nos parecíamos mucho en lo poco que conviví con ella.

Pero, en eso admito que mis recuerdos de ellas se sitúan en un contexto posterior de violencia en contra mía que me llevó al olvido de mi vida por décadas, y que lo que recuerdo de nosotros, a diferencia de otros recuerdos que tengo, además de difíciles de creer si no se aceptan ciertos supuestos que le dan coherencia a mis recuerdos, estarán cargados de amnesia de mi parte por esa violencia química, institucional, social y familiar en mi contra.

Por tanto, aunque no pensaba mantener mis escritos públicamente disponibles, por ella, por esa hija muy similar a mí en el recuerdo de mi estima por ella, de mi amor por ella, para mantener la posibilidad de que los lea, es que decido mantener algunos de ellos, junto con otros escritos literarios míos así: disponibles.

Para que de ser su deseo tenga la oportunidad de hacerlo.

Sé que parte de lo que voy a decir al final de este escrito

probablemente sea erróneo, desde niño, desde alrededor de los 10 años de edad tengo anomia: me cuesta trabajo recordar los nombres, y los lugares geográficos por nombre.

Mi maestra de quinto y sexto de primaria lo notó, y previamente porque me movía por la Ciudad de México en transporte público acompañando a mi compadre desde antes de mis nueve años de edad, y él me decía, por su destreza navegándose así, qué transporte tomar de regreso a casa, sé que no nací así: me lo causaron con tratamiento psiquiátrico del cual nunca se hicieron responsables, nunca tomaron en cuenta ni mi voluntad ni mi circunstancia, y eso no sólo me dañó, me puso en serio peligro y a mi compadre también.

Y sin recurso alguno de saber fehacientemente ni porqué, quien, ni qué me dieron.

Pues me dificultó estar para él como el mini-Mazacote que fui para él...

Y como ejemplo que aunque difícil de creer para algunas personas, pero lo puedo narrar coherentemente, está la explicación de cómo sé, a pesar de que el psiquiatra, mi madre y mi padre lo encubrieron pero mi maestra lo supo o pudo inferior está el cómo dejaron de medicarme encubiertamente y no sólo sin beneficio para mí, sino para perjuicio mío.

Me desmayé haciendo guardia a la Bandera Mexicana en su día. Eso llevó a que me dejaran de medicar abruptamente a fines de Febrero o principios de Marzo.

Para alrededor de la Semana Santa tuve escasas y breves alucinaciones visuales en una sola ocasión por el retiro abrupto de la administración perversa, encubierta e injustificable, de esos medicamentos en contra mía.

Y eso lo hubieran sabido claramente, que era inapropiado que me diagnosticaran y trataran, si quien me los prescribió hubiera hablado conmigo de forma respetuosa, bien intencionada, y además hubiera actuado como la Ley le mandaba: denunciando a mis padres y al resto de mi familia que me maltrataron, o que me pusieron en situaciones no de riesgo, sino de peligro inminente claramente objetivas, no subjetivas.

Si pasé tiempo en la calle y me defendí empuñando armas blancas fue para estar objetivamente seguro, no subjetivamente tranquilo.

Además para estar con mi compadre, para ser su mini-Mazacote mientras me necesitara, quisiera y pudiéramos estar juntos: por amistad, no por necesidad, vicio ni locura.

Amistad que entonces no pude narrar claramente porque su adicción a los solventes y su situación de calle no hubieran sido aceptables para mi familia.

Y estando en la calle, pasando tiempo en ella, conocí muchas personas que me enseñaron una cara, una actitud, una amistad bondadosa que no encontré en otros lugares.

Y en los hechos estaba más seguro en ella en ocasiones que solo en mi casa o con algunos familiares. De manera objetiva, no subjetiva.

Para probarlo necesitaba una persona Adulta confiable, afectuosa, competente, respetuosa y genuinamente interesada en mi bienestar: nunca la tuve de manera constante.

Posteriormente tras el retiro abrupto de esos medicamentos también recuperé la capacidad de moverme con la destreza que

tuve antes: del Raffles que fui de niño.

Y sin embargo, aunque no sólo coherente sino muy probable dada la práctica psiquiátrica infantil al menos en ese entonces, mi madre no me ha narrado nada de eso, privándome del derecho a mi salud, del acceso a mi información médica, a la corrección de ésta, y a proceder en contra de las personas que con sus acciones y omisiones lo causaron, lo supieron o lo encubrieron.

Al menos para que me repararan el daño o yo tuviera acceso a la verdad, hasta para beneficio de al menos uno de mis descendientes, siendo que uno o una es víctima vicaria de la continuación de la violencia en mi contra a lo largo de esas líneas que se extiende por más de cuatro décadas, y como tal en contra de él o ella también.

Y además para evitar el estigma de diagnósticos falsos pasados por médicos, injustificables y hasta ilegales de aspecto francamente criminal, pero que por mandato de Ley se deben presumir inocentes.

Falsos diagnósticos en contra mía y de mis descendientes por al menos la idea demostrablemente falsa pero extendida de que las llamadas enfermedades, trastornos o desórdenes mentales se heredan, siendo que la evidencia genética empírica e idónea demuestra claramente que en más del 95% de los casos no es así, incluso si madre y padre supuestamente la tuvieran.

Y estoy convencido que si mi madre se lo narró a alguien no sólo no la denunciaron, sino que no recolectaron su testimonio probablemente auto-incriminante con la debida legalidad, consideración ni compasión a que era mi madre la principal autora del maltrato en mi contra, aunque no la única, y que además ella pretendió pasar como negligencia: similar al actuar de esos mal llamados profesionales de la salud mental que

prefieren pasar por negligentes en vez de verdaderamente por dolosos.

Especialmente cuando el dolo sería evidente si hicieran su trabajo dentro de la legalidad y con la meticulosidad que la práctica verdaderamente médica demanda: hechos, pruebas, no palabras.

De manera que difícilmente yo iba a narrarlo sabiendo que en cualquier contexto fuera del legal para beneficio mío, lo que yo narrara siempre iba a ser interpretado como ficciones inventadas por mí, y como tal otro signo de "enfermedad mental", precisamente porque en algunos contextos el encubrimiento, la sevicia, la maldad y la ilegalidad es lo que objetivamente, no subjetivamente, experimenté de todos los llamados profesionales de la salud mental con los que interactué, sin excepción, en mayor o menor grado de obviedad y gravedad.

Pero con predecible y esperable expresión de desacuerdo contra mi impresión, contra mi juicio, hasta en contra de sus obligaciones legales, contra lo que pudiera yo alegar y ser corroborable de los resultados o evidencias objetivas de su llamado trabajo adecuadamente examinadas dentro de un proceso formal adversarial e inquisitivo de sus acciones y omisiones, no de las mías: yo fui la víctima, no ellos.

Yo fui al que de un inicio se le hizo múltiples veces injusticia epistémica para luego pasar a la violencia psicológica, verbal, familiar y hasta física, de manera repetida y en múltiples contextos no necesariamente conectados más allá de la mera causalidad que mucha gente actúa, hasta de manera ilegal, basándose en sus miedos, prejuicios e ignorancia hasta del derecho y sostenidos en sus malas intenciones de forma reiterativa.

Como si fueran Sicarios de una mafia que pasa por médica o

psicológica en donde el único obstáculo es llegar a un precio aceptable: el encubrimiento es ubicuo, omnipresente, basado únicamente en mi experiencia personal y lo que he leído de otras víctimas.

Muchas veces precisamente por sus diagnósticos, tratamientos y experiencias psiquiátricas y sicológicas, no las mías.

Y para reforzar esa afirmación, está que no importaba lo que yo hiciera, el desempeño objetivo que tuviera, mis circunstancias objetivas claramente establecidas, lo que yo afirmara, hasta lo claramente evidente, etc., siempre necesariamente tenía que tener un problema yo, no las personas que incluso a mi leal y sabio entender hasta violaron la ley para perjuicio mío.

Es a los malos actores y a sus encubridores, a sus fomentadores, alentadores y contratantes a los que sí les creyeron en vez de a mí.

Y en el fondo alegando que aunque no fuera yo peligroso en ese momento, como ventrílocuos de Apolo, sino entonces a futuro y evitarlo se justificaba de cualquier manera que les permitiera salirse con la suya y perjudicarme no sólo en mis intereses jurídicos formales e indispensables como el acceso a la Verdad y la Justicia, sino hasta en mi salud y mi libertad física personal, también a futuro.

¿Quién podría alegar que con mi inteligencia y forma de ser de niño y adolescente yo podía tener por ejemplo Esquizofrenia?.

Simplemente la probabilidad a priori de que la desarrollara, dado que afecta en su mayoría a varones de pobre desempeño intelectual y emocional era muy baja.

No era tampoco factible que se hablara de una vulnerabilidad

que yo tuviera dado que resistí circunstancias difíciles en mi vida sin perder la razón, sin actuar carente de consideración ni de cordura respecto a la situación ni los derechos de los demás.

Que si mi Raffles y mi Mazacote podrían alegar que fui una persona ahora en la mira de ser catalogada como antisocial cuando menos ignora mis motivaciones y las circunstancias que me alentaron, beneficiaron, perjudicaron o permitieron actuar como lo hice. Y que dejé de actuar así hace décadas.

Ignora que mi Humanidad en su circunstancia explica de forma racional y razonable lo que hice, mejor que la intangible e inmaterial Personalidad que no tengo, porque no existe más que como ficción.

Y para juzgarme concluyendo que soy o fui malo, malvado, perverso, maquiavélico o peligroso, esos juicios de valor moral, especialmente predictivos, tienen que ser primero Legales, y segundo emitidos por personas que sí desplieguen de forma perceptible, hasta obvia, que su propia Humanidad les permite y les califica para hacerlo. Tienen que ser y comportarse como mis pares, no como mis victimarios y además suficientemente inferiores intelectual, legal, emocional y moralmente.

Y menos cuando me denigraron como ser Humano privándome del mínimo de Humanidad para defenderme de sus alegatos no sólo infundados, sino insustanciales, etéreos, espurios y como tal falsos si los pasan o pasaron como parte de la Realidad.

Lo que no extraña porque hasta los que se creen educados no parecen entender ni aceptar qué es realmente la Ciencia ni la Lógica.

De mis victimarios no es esperable más que su testimonio y otra evidencia que pudieran tener y exhibir sea para su protección y

beneficio con perjuicio, con daños en contra mía, en agravio de mis intereses jurídicos legítimos y además en principio inatacables. Defensa de los cuales además me privaron con sus acciones y omisiones. Hasta con su mera retórica y afirmaciones incluso contrarias a la razón, la lógica, la ciencia, el empirismo y el derecho.

No tendrían ningún otro valor probatorio más que de su mala conducta, no la mía, precisamente porque procedieron de mala manera en ocasiones nada más que para que se buscara excusarlos indebidamente o se sustrajeran de responsabilizarse de los daños que me causaron y de los derivados de los ordenamientos legales y morales que transgredieron.

Y hasta en eso actuaron de una manera que legalmente no les correspondía: como salvaguardas del orden legal y moral público o de los intereses de personas que actuaron en contra mía. E incluso en una ocasión de forma verbalmente explícita e inequívoca dentro de las instalaciones del DIF Metepec.

Sin tener los derechos, ni las obligaciones ni los recursos para hacerlo de manera legal, ya no digamos moral y efectiva.

Está también la necesidad de que como tales acciones y omisiones de mi vida pasada requieren pruebas más allá de lo que yo pudiera confesar, y que para aceptarlas para cualquier cosa, tendrían primero que probármelo con un procedimiento inquisitorial no subjetivo sino objetivo, y además dudo quedara o hubiera evidencia objetiva que hice algo indebido o hasta ilegal que dejara evidencia que alguien pudiera proporcionar, quien la proporcionara tendría entonces que ser una persona directamente involucrada además de mí.

Y como yo nunca dije nada, pues no tendrían testimonio ni de oídas y sería imposible que fueran testigos fehacientes de algo

que hubiera yo hecho contrario a los ordenamientos legales de ese y en ese entonces.

Pero, como en el Mundo Mental todos tiene que tener algo mal, alterado, dañado, desviado, torcido o enfermo, lo esperado es que siempre se afirmara que yo tuve algo Mental, hubiera sido como hubiera sido.

Y como siempre lo hicieron de forma indebida, ilegítima y hasta ilegal, pues lo que hayan afirmado no tiene valor probatorio en contra mía en ningún sentido, a mi leal y sabio entender.

Pero para demostrarlo, esas personas tienen que someterse o ser sometidas a un proceso formal para probarlo, y eso es lo que siempre evitaron, hasta sustrayendo la copia certificada de mi Recomendación de una Comisión de los Derechos Humanos, aparentemente cambiándola por fotocopias. O deshaciéndose del material probatorio en su poder, o en los hechos no documentando los testimonios que pudieron servir de soporte para probar en el procedimiento idóneo que los cercanos a mí, y algunos funcionarios públicos, los que alegaron trabajar para la salud y bienestar de otros, incluyéndome a mí, violaron la Ley con actos que a mi leal y sabio entender son de aspecto criminal y además de forma repetida y congruente con su conciencia suficientemente plena de actuar de manera ilegal.

Y hasta donde entiendo proporcionando testimonio falso bajo promesa de jurar verdad, y bajo la supuesta amenaza que de hacerlo podían ser sujetos de sanciones de carácter penal.

Y a pesar de que eso lo afirmo yo, no me toca probarlo a mí: le toca a las autoridades como el Ministerio Público. O cualquier otra que tenga interés, facultades, y recursos para hacerlo.

Reitero yo solo puedo narrarlo, como testimonio tiene su valor

probatorio, pero para tener certidumbre jurídica, como mi Recomendación, para darle esa certidumbre de Hechos Legales le corresponde a las Autoridades actuar como manda la Ley, no a mí.

Para casi terminar, de la lectura de mi trabajo escrito de dos años para acá, de mi desempeño académico y laboral, aún si discontinuo, dudo que fuera de lo discontinuo y además circunstancial se pueda justificar que yo tuviera alguna enfermedad, desorden o trastorno, especialmente global que afectara mi memoria y mi desempeño cognitivo o intelectual: es otra prueba que sus alegatos y predicciones, a mi leal y sabio entender mal intencionadas, no se sostienen simplemente por mi currículo y mis escritos recientes.

Mal intencionada al menos en el mínimo: de no querer conocer la Realidad, sino además de pasar sus meras imaginaciones por no sólo Reales, sino por Verdaderas.

Me demostraron además su falta de uso y exhibición de suficiente Humanidad y peor aún de Razón alegando que por lo discontinuo de mi trabajo eso tenía que indicar un problema mío, que además era contrario a mi intención de proceder de manera legal y moral en mi trabajo: alegando en contra de mis obligaciones legales objetivas, no subjetivas.

Al hacerlo así, además estaban fomentando, alentándome a que yo trabajara en condiciones que la Ley y la Ética Profesional me ordenaban no hacerlo, con el mero cuestionamiento de esa discontinuidad laboral como expresión de una condición Mental que nunca tuve, y que no desvirtuó ni me eximió de la obligación de siempre trabajar de manera legal y moralmente aceptable para mi Sociedad.

Hasta en eso procedieron como Asesores Legales y Laborales que

no eran, y además como si fueran conocedores efectivos de mis obligaciones legales laborales para además actuar en contra de ellas.

Pero, es esperable, como en todas las cosas mentales, que la evidencia en contra de las fabricaciones y ficciones de los llamados profesionales de la salud mental al menos en mi caso no la usen de manera efectiva, y por tanto los legos y los ya adoctrinados tampoco.

Bien, aunque es probable que me equivoque en tu nombre: Te amo Sofía, siempre te deseé lo mejor y sé que tu madre hizo lo mejor para ti.

Yo estuve ahí para verlo y constatarlo, en esos pocos años creciste como yo hubiera querido crecer, con al menos mi madre o mi padre amándome como tu madre te amó: respetuosa y protectoramente.

Respetuosa y protectoramente hasta para mí.

¿Qué espero como resultado de la publicación de mis escritos autobiográficos?.

Terminar en algún momento, ya cercano, y la oportunidad que quien tuviera un interés remanente pueda conocer mi vida pasada a través de mis escritos.

No espero que mis narrativas sean corroboradas por alguien más, es más probable que se intente desvirtuarlas de una o de otra forma.

Dudo incluso que a ya más de tres décadas quienes nos amamos tuviéramos un interés de recordar, reelaborar o reconectar.

Dudo, salvo mis hijas e hijos, de quien en su mayoría no supe qué fue de su vida, tuvieran algún motivo para corroborar o conocer lo que escribí de mi vida.

Algunos pudieran tener motivos para negarlo: porque efectivamente no pasó, no sucedió así, o lo que escribí pudiera perjudicarlos.

Traté de evitar llevarles un perjuicio, incluso un menoscabo de su estima propia o reputación.

Espero haberlo logrado, creo que nuestras historias, aún si narradas sólo por mí con la mínima fracción de su vida para hacerlo, reflejan una belleza que quizá el mundo ya no vea, o sería difícil sin haberlo escrito, que el mundo la conociera.

Y eso me parece injusto no sólo para mí, sino para ellas y ellos, al menos porque a las mujeres de ese entonces no se les comprendió como creo de mis escritos, en un mínimo, quizá ahora se les pueda apreciar mejor.

Tras de todo, lo que escribí es solo una parte de lo que yo ví con ellas: hubo mucho más, y realmente todas ellas fueron extraordinarias, aún si parecería por lo frecuente, que no lo fueron porque todas fueron así para mí...

Tengo miedo de equivocarme con mi hija, que no sea real lo que recuerdo.

Tengo terror que me leyera, me siento avergonzado con ella, no sé porqué.

La idea que me escribiera, que me contactara, que habláramos, me aterroriza, tampoco sé porqué.

Supongo que tengo pavor de decepcionarla, a pesar de que hice lo que su madre y ella decidieron como mejor para las dos. Nuestra separación definitiva fue lo mejor para las dos, hasta donde recuerdo y puedo elaborar.

Y esa vergüenza, ese miedo intenso, no lo siento por nadie más, supongo que al haber convivido con ella, aunque poco, e incluso aunque fuera imaginario, como su Padre, ya no meramente Biológico y distante, quizá desconocido, me hace sentir así: incompetente, insuficiente, inútil, inapropiado.

Y exclusivamente por ella me duele que pudiera yo haber sido así o ser así, aún si creí que realmente no me necesitaba, aunque yo sabía que era ella quien pedía nos viéramos, y siempre la ví contenta, no recuerdo que expresara dolor por no vernos más frecuentemente.

Aún así, las posibilidades que me conozca mejor o nos reencontremos me hacen sentir horriblemente: me hacen sufrir emocionalmente.

Quizá me siento culpable y responsable cuando no se me pidió ni exigió nada más. Cuando tampoco pude hacer nada más. Cuando tal vez al poco de nuestra separación se olvidó de mí.

Si pudiera escoger entre hacerlo real o irreal, imaginarlo real o fantasía, ¿Qué escogería?.

¿Aceptar que no pasó y esperar que nada me haga cambiar de creencia?.

O ¿Aceptar que amé y estuve con esa hija tan parecida a mí y que para su beneficio y el de su madre la perdí sin la mínima oposición?.

Así planteado, me pareciera que teniendo elección debería escoger lo primero: aceptar que no pasó y olvidarlo.

La posibilidad de que supiera más de mí, me motivó a recordarlo, elaborarlo y narrarlo, pero los posibles efectos de que sepa más de mí me aterrorizan.

Prefiero aceptar el error de confabular, el temor, la culpa y la vergüenza, que olvidar que la amé tanto, porque se parecía tanto a mí y pude estar con ella, conocerla.

Siempre quise tener una hija, y como la tuve muy joven, quizá por eso siempre quise una: para no olvidarla. Desde entonces por décadas sólo en una ocasión busqué tener una o un hijo: con el amor de mi vida.

Como la recuerdo es como deseé que fuera mi hija: para no olvidar que la tuve.

Pero muchos, si no es que todos mis recuerdos que deberían ser privados o secretos, estuvieron presentes o conectados de manera muy endeble: cualquier susurro, cualquier suspiro podía ocasionar que los perdiera.

Y a mí me cayó un Vendaval tras otro...

Gracias.

Federico Soto del Alba.

Fin de este escrito Original de mi Autoría previamente publicado el 30 de Julio de 2025.

De coincidencias y lides en Pos.

Si recuerdo mi pasado es porque rima con mi presente…

Nunca tuve el interés ni de recordar ni de narrar mi vida como menor de edad, y nada de ella ni siendo adulto sobre mi vida romántica.

Pero, también es cierto que quería recordar lo bueno de mi vida cuando yo muriera y no como cuando tenía menos de dos años de edad cuando casi me muero: imaginar cosas que ni siquiera pude hacer o haber tomado parte en.

Como veo coincidencias entre partes de mi vida pasada y mi visión presente pues ahora que ya tiene un poco más de dos años que empecé a intentar narrar mi vida, en parte por mi hijo que siendo más joven quería preguntarme en formato estandarizado acerca de mi vida, precisamente porque me alejé de él para que yo pudiera, al menos en principio, estar en su futuro si algo le salía mal con su familia a posteriori.

No me hubiera imaginado la circunstancia médica en la que de hecho me encontré aunque a priori me reí de ella.

Como las Preguntas de Bernard Pivot inmortalizadas en la TV en el Actor's Studio.

No resultó bien a plazo intermedio: mi hijo no me habla, no confía en mí, entiendo se preocupa y tiene sus propios problemas y no lo culpo a él. Hasta donde entiendo su circunstancia es muy elocuente a través de él aunque objetivamente no me conste.

La mía también, y nuestras elocuencias transmitidas al menos en el mínimo por lo pronto no han sido compatibles, y como siempre

he respetado la voluntad de los demás, ausente la objetividad de su Bienestar en mi percepción pues no puedo hacer otra cosa que esperar, y esperar, y esperar…

Pero, por lo pronto, puedo intentar responder, hacerme responsable ante Él , y sí ante Ella, lo que más me atemoriza y avergüenza aún como posibilidad, de las preguntas que pudo haberme planteado, pero que por accidentes de la vida no pudo hacerme porque se extravió la hoja donde las tenía anotadas, con los desvaríos que corresponde a mis imaginaciones y fantasías:

1.- Mis Series favoritas: Enano Rojo, Viaje al Fondo del Mar, la Animada de Cantinflas, el Ascenso del Hombre, el Mundo en Guerra, los Intocables, una de Historia Universal Animada de TVE (Televisión Española con entrada musical de Bach, una de mis piezas favoritas), el Llanero Solitario y especialmente Archer (la serie animada).

2.- Mis Películas Favoritas: Casablanca por su propia naturaleza y el momento de mi vida en que la ví, en medio de la violencia en que me sumergí voluntariamente en contra de otras personas. Hay muchas más, demasiadas: no puedo privilegiar.

3.- ¿Qué me gustaba hacer de Niño?: Leer y convivir con o hacer amigos. Sólo sucede que mis amigos en su mayor parte eran de la calle y los libros que leí de Universidad en un ambiente que no debo describir explícitamente. Además si ya sería trabajo creer que tuve sexo con la amiga de mi exesposa en la cama de mi entonces novia después de estar escondidas las dos en el "Tocador", pues ese otro ambiente va a generar encamisamientos forzados.

4.- ¿Cuál era tu Deporte Favorito?: Golpear personas, no te creas hijo, el Beisbol por las narrativas del Inmortal Pedro “el Mago” Septién. Golpear personas era mi hobby: raramente me pagaron

por eso y cuando lo hicieron regalé el dinero…

5.- Mi equipo favorito: Los Yankees de Nueva York. Digo, cuando era niño sí fui fan de Valenzuela, el Toro de Etchohuaquila, pero siempre admiré al Ganso Gossage: su habilidad para terminar las dudas del partido. Me identifiqué con su trabajo por eso.

--Por cierto la primera vez que tuve coito fue a los 12 años de edad en un Dugout.

6.- Mi posición favorita en el Deporte: Portero. Fui buen parador en corto, tuvimos un juego donde "me lucí", lástima que era puras mamás y papás, sentí que no quisieron sus hijas me vieran, pero eran y son mis imaginaciones.

De porqué Portero es una historia larga…

Pero básicamente como siempre se me dieron los golpes y las caídas, pues aventarme en el pastito no fue problema para mí. Por situaciones oscuras de mi vida me tuve que fingir pendejo, pero hasta podía aventarme en el Concreto. Luego entonces fui buen portero, pero a lo más Pambolero: nunca me gustó el Fútbol, demasiadas patadas, empujones y borrachos, irónicamente.

7.- Lo más increíble que haya hecho: correr sobre la cerca de Chapultepec, literalmente sobre, disfrazado de Payaso…

8.- Lo más increíble que haya visto: la Amistad de tantas mujeres para mí…

9.- Lo más feo que haya visto: la tortura en contra de seres indefensos en una circunstancia en la que no pude hacer nada más que ser testigo…

10.- Lo más Bello que haya visto: Mi futura muerte y el

reencuentro que quizá no se dé con dos personas que tiene mucho que no veo y que desde que nací he extrañado inmensamente. En lo material una campiña.

11.- Lo más Bello que haya yo hecho: Hacer Justicia por Propia Mano a favor de otros menores de edad. Mi sociedad no me dejó nada más Hermoso que hacer: si hubiera tenido otras oportunidades hubiera hecho diferente…

12.- ¿De qué me arrepiento?: De nada, siempre medité lo que iba a hacer y generalmente no lo hice para beneficio puramente mío.

13.- ¿Qué me hubiera gustado hacer?, ¿Qué siento me quedó pendiente?: Estudiar matemáticas como siempre quise y mis padres nunca me lo permitieron. En segundo lugar estudiar el significado de las palabras y sus orígenes, especialmente del Español. Siempre quise hacer las dos al mismo tiempo.

Imaginé de niño que podría, me inspiraron mucho los Intelectuales que acompañaban a Jorge Saldaña en su cruzada contra la Ignorancia e imagino lo que al menos entendí como el mal Gobierno.

14.- ¿Qué hubiera cambiado de mi vida si hubiera podido?: a mis padres.

15.- ¿Qué me motiva, qué me inspira?: El Amor, la Amistad y el Entendimiento.

16.- ¿Cuál es tu palabra favorita?: no…

17.- ¿Cual es la palabra que más odio?: “Te odio”…

18.- ¿Qué es lo que más te gusta hacer?: Sentir lo que he sentido desde niño: todo se toca todo se une de forma ilógica, inmaterial,

insustancial, como si fuera mera coincidencia….

19.- ¿Qué es lo que más te disgusta?: La indiferencia humana ante el sufrimiento de los demás.

20.- ¿Cuál es el sonido que más te gusta?: La risa de los niños.

21.- ¿Qué sonido odias?: el de las cuerdas o metálicos "estridentes" de los Tambores Taiko…

22.- ¿Cual es tu palabrota favorita?: Merde…

23.- ¿Qué otra profesión me gustaría ejercer?: A más de tener una, matemático independiente.

24.- ¿Qué profesión no te gustaría tener?: Médico, por eso me retiré de la Medicina.

25.- ¿Qué me gustaría Dios me dijera?: Bien. Que no me equivoqué, que quería a su hijo de regreso por que no lo apreciaron como merecía y que fue un error obligarlo a hacer lo que hizo por amor a su "padre".

26.- ¿En qué me gustaría reencarnar?: En lo que siempre fui, a términos humanos una máquina…

27.- ¿A quién pondría en un Billete de Banco?: Quisiera decir Obama pero creo, maldita anomia, Hannah Arendt.

28.- ¿Qué es lo que te disuade?: El sufrimiento de los niños.

29.- ¿Cuál es mi droga favorita?: La Música.

30.- A los 13 años de edad, ¿Cuál fue tu mayor miseria?: eeerrr, tratar de olvidar mi anhelo de escribir ficción que el año anterior

se cortó…

31.- ¿Qué es lo más tonto que hice?: Supongo que no ser más afectivamente expresivo de mi intenso deseo de estar a largo plazo con varias mujeres: Tonto Romántico Recalcitrante…

32.- ¿Lo más tontillo que hice?: Ser como genuinamente fui de niño: ingenuamente alegre.

33.- ¿Dónde me hubiera gustado vivir de Adolescente?: En Noruega.

34.- ¿Mi idea de Felicidad Terrenal en la Adolescencia?: El Bienestar Natural.

35.- Héroes Favoritos Imaginarios de Adolescencia: Sin duda: Los galos de la Aldea de Astérix, todos ellos.

36.- Mis Personajes Favoritos de la Historia en la Adolescencia: Los Matemáticos.

37.- Heroínas de Ficción de Adolescencia: mis compañeras de Secundaria.

38.- Pintor favorito de Adolescente: Monet…

39.- Músico Favorito de Adolescente: El Pianista Rubinstein.

40.- Cualidad varonil que admiré en la Adolescencia: la Integridad.

41.- Cualidad femenil que admiré en la Adolescencia: la Empatía.

42.- Virtud favorita de Adolescente: la Persistencia.

43.- Quién me hubiera gustado ser de Adolescente: un desconocido.

44.- Característica más marcada a los 20 años de edad: Ni idea…

45.- Mi defecto principal a los 20: ah, uh, buscar tener una pareja a largo plazo donde no la iba a encontrar: en la Carrera de Medicina. La obcecación de pareja…

46.- La imagen de peor calamidad a mis 20: la Constancia y Consistencia del Rumbo de las Cosas.

47.- A mis 20 me hubiera gustado vivir en Francia cerca de la Frontera con España. A los cuarentas en Corea del Sur.

48.- ¿Qué regalo natural te hubiera gustado poseer a los 20?: la Mortalidad.

49.- A los veinte cómo me hubiera gustado morir: Dormido, como desde niño, casi lo logro varias veces…

50.- A mis veinte, ¿cuál era mi lema favorito?: Sin saber la palabra: esfuerzo alegre.

51.- ¿Qué le dirías a los más jóvenes?: Realmente no sé nada que les pueda decir que les sea de utilidad: Siempre fui un pésimo ejemplo para los menores…

52.- My hobby favorito: el Ajedrez.

53.- ¿Qué significa para mí ser Padre?: Sigo tratando de entenderlo, creo es más difícil que saber ser Madre, al menos en mis circunstancias, hasta la fecha.

54.- El obstáculo más grande que enfrenté: la Envidia.

54.- Qué pienso del Distrito Federal con la Nostalgia: en su gente.

55.- Mi juguete favorito de niño: el Fabuloso Fred.

56.- Mi situación más difícil en mi niñez: Aceptar que si quería ayudar a otros para no sufrir yo por no hacer nada por ellos lo tendría que hacer de manera ilegal.

57.- Recuerdos más intensos de mi Padre: sus ofensas verbales denigrantes en contra mía.

58.- Recuerdos más intensos de mi Abuelo: su pena al intentar quitarme de las plantas de los pies con una aguja dos conchas que se encarnaron. Aún tengo las cicatrices, en la parte medial de mis pies: se desplazaron con la edad.

49.- Qué dijeron mis padres en mi niñez que a futuro resultara cierto: nada…

--"Marquen mis palabras: a futuro nada de lo que diga será cierto, siempre habrá dudas..."

50.- Tuve compañeros animales en mi niñez: Rocky, Ben, Sol, Soledad y alguna rata callejera por ahí, de hecho dos a quienes les compartí nueces de la India para que no se pelearan. Gato, perro, perica, perico, rata y rata, respectivamente.

51.- Tradición familiar en mi niñez: el Sufrimiento Navideño.

52.- Mi mejor amigo en la Escuela Primaria: mi amigo del Camión en la Nueva Escuela Justo Sierra.

53.- Mi actividad favorita de Niño: Ser intrépido cuando nadie me veía, yo así lo creía.

54.- Los tres momentos más felices de mi vida: Convivir con Mari Carmen, mi prima segunda. Cuando otros niños en la calle me dieron de comer. Haber estado con mi Compadre el mayor tiempo que nos quedó para estar juntos.

55.- El momento más triste de mi niñez: Cuando estaba falleciendo Doña Fidelia entender que mi Madre no la ayudó a ella a tiempo porque pensó que quien necesitaba ayuda era yo.

56.- De lo que estoy más agradecido hasta hoy es de los Animales.

57.- Una vez gané una medalla de natación de cobre que se rehusaron a reconocerme y luego la disolvió mi padre sin decirme que la electrólisis la iba destruir.

58.- A mi madre me parezco en su persistencia, a mi padre en su intolerancia al dolor de los niños.

59.- Mis recuerdos favoritos de mis reuniones familiares son con mi prima Mari Carmen y mi Prima Adriana.

60.- Lo más vergonzante que mi padre me hizo hacer fue practicar el Béisbol infantil, de mi madre el callar ante sus expresiones que reflejaban su perversidad, que su familia no interpretó correctamente: al no haber hablado permití continuaran equivocados de quién realmente era mi Madre: era peor que mi tía Elizabeth.

61.- El recuerdo más intenso de mi abuela paterna es su Fortaleza, de mi abuela materna, en realidad mi "Abuelastra", su reto de que llorara caminando después que mi Abuelo me sacó las conchas de los pies. No se lo tomé a mal: el dolor es pasajero…

62.- En mi infancia mi Película Favorita fue King Kong, las dos,

con Jessica Lange y la en Blanco y Negro. Por alguna razón recordé me dio náuseas como trataron a King Kong en la de 1976…

En la de Blanco y Negro cuando, si recuerdo bien, lo encadenaron.

63.- Mi primer recuerdo es haber querido decirle a los del camión en viaje rumbo a Durango desde la Ciudad de México que sí íbamos a llegar y dejaran de estar lloriqueando: tenía casi nueve meses de edad.

64.- Mis padres en mi niñez para "gastar" no me dieron ni un solo centavo.

65.- ¿Qué haría diferente en la Escuela Secundaria?: Hablar con una mujer fuera de la Escuela…

66.- El lugar donde dormí primero fuera de casa en mi infancia fue en la calle.

67.- Mi primer beso lo tuve en el Kínder y fue excelente, varios lo tuvimos generalmente con una sola compañera: era muy afectuosa con nosotros. Falso, lo tuve en una guardería delante de varios compañeros y maestras, fue todo un espectáculo. Luego me corrieron de esa Guardería y de ella me acordaba por los árboles, camino a esa guardería y la música del Grupo Flans.

68.- El momento más aterrador que he tenido es casi no llegar a ejercer violencia en contra de una persona...

69.- El regalo más bello que recibí de mi familia fue que mi Tío Jorge Patlán me enseñara a bailar salsa y cumbia.

70.- Mi época favorita del año es el Otoño.

71.- Mi comida favorita siempre fue un secreto: las gorditas de chicharrón prensado.

72.- De joven sólo quise tener una hija: la que tuve, y eso a posteriori.

73.- Los nombres de mi hija no los escogí yo, el de mi hijo lo preferí por un Personaje Literario. No por el mito, sino lo que subyace: no se necesita ser un Héroe ni pelear con una Fiera a mano pelona para tener Fortaleza e Integridad. Aún si el verdadero Personaje era probablemente un Traidor como buen Mercenario.

Lo que refleja al menos en parte que no quería mi hijo fuera como yo...

74.- Lo que más me gustaba de vivir en Torreón era estar con mi hijo.

75.- La peor herida que he tenido fue en mi rodilla derecha cuando tenía 11 años de edad: no puedo decir qué hice ni qué pasó... Y eso que me fracturaron el codo, yo lo permití, para guardar ootro secreto cuando tenía seis años de edad.

76.- Coleccioné un montón de juguetes: caballitos, luchadores, todo de plástico que Doña Fidelia me compró con el dinero que le dio mi madre. Incluso un King Kong. Todo se lo regalé a mi amigo Poncho, excepto el llanero solitario sin Toro, era simbólico para mí. Significativamente figurines de la Natividad: me gustaba cambiar al Diablito bicolor verde y rojo de lugar para sorprender a Doña Fidelia, y después a mi Tía Elizabeth. Creo mi Tía Elizabeth se quedó con ese Diablito y lo enterró en el Jardín trasero antes de que pusieran la plancha de concreto.

Ese Diablito a mis 4 años de edad ya significaba la Dualidad en mí: no quería ser en parte sí y en parte no. Pero, acepté que no podía cambiarlo y que de alguna manera si reflejaba una realidad espiritual en mí no podía ser per se algo malo.

Espero no haber errado...

77.- El primer concierto que fui a ver fue en la entonces ENEP Iztacala que la Ofunam dio en el Gimnasio con, maldita anomia, Danza Macabra, cuando estaba en la Carrera de Medicina. De hecho fue el único. El primer y único valet fue el Lago de los Cisnes en Chapultepec: se quemó el "Brujo" cuando falló la pirotecnia. Mi primer obra de teatro no la recuerdo, era yo niño, sólo recuerdo de eso tener mucho sueño, quedarme dormido y que me despertaron las trompetas.

78.- La lección más dura que he aprendido en la vida es que el sufrimiento no siempre se puede evitar y aceptar que si hice lo que pude puedo dejarlo ir.

79.- ¿Quién fue mi novia durante la "Secun"?: ¡ah!, varias, destacan Esmeralda y Maritza.

De Esmeralda fue notorio, de Maritza sólo una persona supo: fue algo que tuvimos privado, secreto, muy especial, novia no describe ni en principio nuestra relación.

Ya en confianza: Rocío, que creo sólo su amiga Govinda supo. Margarita que todo mundo supo. Esas fueron relaciones que duraron.

Tuve más que fueron intensas pero de corto tiempo donde no hubo una pregunta explícita: Evelyn, María Eugenia, una de las dos Alicias, Ximena, las que recuerdo su nombre, y que además a términos prácticos nadie supo.

Salvo Evelyn y María Eugenia fueron de mi salón.

Hubo una joven de tercero cuando yo iba en primero. Otra joven de primero que creo nadie supo, y, maldita anomia. Elsa, Rosario-Rocío, algo con R hija de una maestra.

Eso fue de mi secundaria, de la otra secundaria fueron relaciones diferentes: esporádicas, ocasionales, sólo una vez, su primera, salvo una que estaba conmigo cuando yo estando en tercero y nadie quería ser mi novia en mi Secundaria.

Algunas de otras secundarias: uniformes diferentes o vestidas de civil.

Estoy confundido con una joven, creo se llamaba Xóchitl, no recuerdo si era de nuestra secundaria, de mi primaria, o de otra secundaria, sólo el nombre, su estatura y su hermosura fenomenal.

La mayoría lo manejamos en privado, secreto, oculto.

Fue difícil para nosotros estando en la misma Secundaria con tanta violencia sexual en contra de ellas, aún si con la mayoría de ellas de mi Secundaria no tuve relaciones sexuales.

Con una temimos nos hubiéramos embarazado, fue la única con quien sucedió, comprensiblemente y justificadamente yo tuve la culpa.

Creo ante la única con quien me sentí avergonzado fue con Maritza: fui novio de otras jóvenes, y tuve sexo con decenas, generalmente sólo una vez, su primera, y nunca lo platiqué con Maritza.

Todas las demás relaciones fueron breves, salvo Esmeralda, y siempre le fui fiel y leal.

Pero, sí intenté arrodillarme ante Maritza y pedirle que fuera mi novia delante de compañeros de la Secundaria, no lo había hecho, no le había preguntado, pero hacerlo requería que mis "amigos" cedieran en no molestarla para que nuestra relación fuera abierta, pública, en vez de privada y secreta y no me lo permitieron: se burlaron sin saber ni siquiera el amor ni porqué lo sentía por Maritza.

Creo tenían la idea que no solo ella y yo, sino todas ellas eran tan infantiles como ellos.

Esa circunstancia no se dio con Esmeralda porque precisamente uno de ellos fue el que cocoreó mi noviazgo con ella y como Esmeralda y yo nos defendimos de su agresión, ese canalla no pudo seguir molestándola con el acuerdo y ayuda de sus amigos, no los míos...

Salvo con Evelyn y quizá María Eugenia siempre fue ese el problema: la violencia en contra de ellas. En el caso de María Eugenia sí la hubo, a veces estaba aterrorizada de estar en la Secundaria: se tenía que esconder de los varones durante el recreo.

No sé, si ausente esa violencia por su extremo atractivo hubiera querido ser mi novia, yo lo anhelaba con mucho deseo: era tan hermosa que me fue difícil preguntarle.

Mezcla de situaciones ocurrieron con Rocío, salvo Govinda nadie supo que fuimos novios antes del tercer año de Secundaria. Y cuando lo fuimos ese año otro canalla ahora se burlaba de nosotros, además me insultaba, y eso obligó nuestra ruptura porque yo estaba al borde de quererlo matar, literalmente.

Esperé con Rocío dos años para intentar continuar nuestra Relación terminando la Secundaria, pero esa violencia me lo impidió y ya no quise intentarlo una tercera vez, creo Rocío después de algunos meses tampoco...

De alguna manera creo todas esas jóvenes lo sabían o lo sospechaban: no nos iban a dejar en paz.

Ya para el tercero de Secundaria fue una confusión en mis registros mnésicos con las jóvenes de los otros salones: ya no estaba yo seguro si anduvimos, fue algo ocasional, quería andar con ellas u otra cosa.

De mi reputación en la otra Secundaria no me queda duda.

De mi reputación en mi salón no sé qué decir: las amé a todas y de haber sido posible lo hubiera intentado formalmente a largo plazo.

Con las jóvenes antes del tercero de otros salones lo intenté: la mayor parte de las veces no vi interés al menos a largo plazo, a veces ni siquiera en corto.

Pero, en mi "Secun" no tuve relaciones sexuales con la mayoría de mis novias.

De hecho una cosa que me quedó claro desde el segundo de secundaria es que si les preguntaba si querían o aceptaban ser mis novias, lo más probable es que no tuviéramos relaciones sexuales.

Si me equivoco mea culpa: fue difícil acordarme para no meterlas en problemas.

80.- Creo que a la única persona a quien le pedí consejo de mi familia cuando fui niño fue a mi Tío Beto, pero no se lo pedí explícitamente, así que no recuerdo ni qué le pregunté ni cómo lo hice: no quería que se angustiara por mi situación.

81.- Los recuerdos que tengo de mi Abuelo, mmm materno, son: que me llevaba a comer Mondongo al mercado de Ciudad del Carmen, pero se iba llevando adolescentes hermosas mientras yo comía solo en el Mercado. No me sentí mal por mí, sí quise entablar amistad con los niños ahí pero no se me dio.

Alguna vez me prohibió que durmiera debajo de un árbol en una casa abandonada, sospecho mi Madre le informó de mi intrepidez o mi abuelo se la adivinó, además del peligro obvio del uso que se le daba a esa casa abandonada.

La vez que se formó una tormenta y se perdió por algún tiempo algún barco lejos de la costa de Ciudad del Carmen.

El tiempo que pasaba con mi Abuela mirando las noticias de Televisa en la noche y que su esposa me permitió mirar detrás de ellos, claro, en algún momento hice mutis y los dejaba solos.

Siempre me angustió que viajara en moto: no quería ni verlo e imaginé tenía múltiples accidentes.

82.- Los momentos más felices de mi niñez: mi kinder "Piolín", mi amigo del camión, mis amigos del recreo, mi amiga Rockita, mi amigo Ben: el perro rata asesina, cuando Sol regresaba de sus escapadas y se posaba en mi hombro cuando yo abandonaba perseguirla para llegar no tan tarde a la escuela, mi amigo Poncho y su hermana Lily, mi amigo Felipe, mi amigo que me enseñó a tirar canicas, el trepar árboles, cercas, mallas ciclónicas, caer con estilo, cambiar de planes en mis exploraciones de los límites de mi entorno, subir una casa de tres pisos sólo para estar ahí cerca

de una adolescente que personalmente no conocí.

Mi amigo del camión, mi compadre...

83.- Cuando fui niño aspiraba a dejar de serlo.

84.- Lo más difícil para mí de ser Padre fueron mis circunstancias, que contrario a lo que muchos afirman y piensan, raramente dependieron de mí, considerando que nunca quise lastimar a nadie más, por lo cual no me atreví a cambiarlas.

85.- ¿Qué es lo mejor de ser Padre?: Híjole, ¿Cuándo los hijo se van?. No saber qué fue lo mejor para mi hija y mi hijo.

86.- Lecciones que aprendí de ser Padre: ¡Puta!, ¡Padrísimo!: no debí haber tenido descendencia.

Necesita un poco de contexto: Cuando fui niño fui buen amigo, de los más pequeños creo fui buen Guardián, Protector, Vigía de su Seguridad mientras estuviera yo ahí.

Pero, siempre fui un muy mal ejemplo: en mi mundo, en mis comunidades muchas veces tuve que recurrir a la violencia.

Aunque pensé que eso cambiaría y podría ser buen padre en el futuro, no fue algo que anhelara hasta que conviví con mi hija, y para ese momento ya era Padre, y sí, fue Padrísimo: mi hija al menos fue extraordinaria, no me queda duda.

Mi hijo también lo fue, pero en ambos casos el sufrimiento para mí fue que no pasé el tiempo que deseé estar con ellos: no estuve ahí como yo quise.

En el caso de mi hija especulo porque su Madre quería también estar el mayor tiempo con nuestra hija. Por mi edad y mi familia

tuve que guardar el secreto, verlas a escondidas.

En el caso de mi hijo porque su madre y su familia materna no querían que conviviera con él. De hecho su abuela materna sugirió que se los "dejara" y me "largara" cuando ni tenía 3 o 4 años de edad...

Y como su madre y su abuela, junto con su abuelo materno son personas vengativas, envidiosas y resentidas, tuve que mantener alguna distancia con mi hijo para que no lo lastimaran como mi entonces esposa lastimaba a Winston, nuestro perro, mi amigo de cuatro patas, simplemente por ser un Jack Russell Terrier criollo, pero típico que no debió vivir ni en un departamento ni en una casa llena de Garrapatas en el Jardín, mucho menos en el Desierto: Winston era un Rebelde contumaz, por eso le puse ese nombre: Winston Churchill imagino era así: rebelde, vociferante y nunca creo se dio por vencido, era tenaz como Winston.

Pero muy afectuoso en su manera peculiar...

Tan tenaz que fue capaz de romper con los dientes meticulosamente una malla gallinera suficientemente gruesa, dos veces, para salirse a pasear y regresar para poner su cara de satisfacción de que no lo tuvieran encerrado en contra de su Voluntad.

E irónicamente antes tuvo miedo de que lo sacáramos a pasear.

A lo que voy, es precisamente que puedo entender mejor a Winston que a mi hijo precisamente porque conviví más tiempo e íntimamente con él, que con mi hijo: siempre estuvo la sombra de la envidia de su madre y su familia.

Yo no podía convivir con él libremente porque lo hubiera compartido con su madre y sus abuelos maternos generando

violencia en contra de él y de mí.

Como efectivamente sucedió.

No podía pedirle que guardara el secreto porque si yo me equivocaba y lo lastimaba, él debería sentirse libre de buscar la ayuda que él necesitara de quien se la diera.

Mi hijo tampoco tenía porqué callarse el afecto y la convivencia que tenía conmigo.

En mi hija no encontré misterio, imagino en su comportamiento fue como yo: diferente con cada persona, individualizando a cada persona.

En ella ví similitudes, pero precisamente las ví porque eso tuvimos mientras convivimos: coincidencias. Lo que no significó para mí que mi hija ni yo de alguna manera "fuéramos así", en el sentido de únicamente así.

Y siempre supe, no solo creí, que todos los niños eran así: flexibles, contrario a las ideas dominantes de que la Personalidad y el Temperamento existen como cosas reales.

Fui feliz de ser padre con los dos, en el caso de mi hija tanto su madre como yo hicimos lo mejor que pudimos, pero admito al menos a mis ojos nuestra hija era única.

En el caso de mi hijo no creo que haya sido diferente, simplemente su familia no me permitió apreciarlo ni convivir con él como conviví con Winston y Nuestra Amiga Maggie.

La separación de mi hija creo y creí era lo mejor para ella, pero de mi hijo no para él ni para mí.

Fue menos difícil sufrir la primera separación que la segunda.

Si no hubiera sido Padre, sin haber conocido ni convivido con mi hija y mi hijo mi vida no hubiera sido diferente: siempre fue así y la "Paternidad" no cambió ni mi forma de ser ni de ver el Mundo ni la de los demás.

El cambio de mis circunstancias con mi hija no fue trascendente para mí salvo por su presencia en mi vida. Con mi hijo el cambio lo sufrí desde antes de siquiera pensar tenerlo.

Si mi paternidad fue algo bueno no depende de mi juicio, depende de la de ella y él, pero por su edad, por nuestra separación cuando eran niños, no creo pudieran alegar algo en su beneficio e incluso perjuicio: ¿Cómo sabrían?.

Especialmente si no intenté que fueran tal o cual, se comportaran tal o cual, creyeran tal o cual.

Si ella y él no podrían elaborar si mi Paternidad, mi convivencia fue buena o mala, benéfica o perjudicial, yo tampoco puedo...

Mi Paternidad fue para beneficio de ella y él, no mía, eso fue algo que recibí de ella y él sin que tuvieran que dármelo, sin hacer esfuerzo y creo sin trabajar ni sufrir por eso salvo por las circunstancias que yo no pude cambiar sin perjudicar a nadie más que a mí, incluyendo a ella y él.

Que las circunstancias los hicieron penar por mi Paternidad, no lo dudo: yo me preocupé de mis Padres aunque supe que no sólo no me querían, sino que intentaron matarme pareciendo negligentes.

Vaya, si no hubiera sido Padre creo sería similar a dejar de verlos con el agravante, la pena, la tristeza y la nostalgia que deseé precisamente lo contrario...

Pero, en el caso de mi hija con todo que ¡fue Su Madre quien la alejó de Mí! la pena que sufrí fue en parte un alivio de que estuviera mejor sin mí que conmigo.

En el caso de mi hijo no fue así...

A la pregunta de si valió la pena: ¿Qué dicen ustedes?, ¿Valió la pena que yo fuera su Padre?.

--"No sean tímidos piensan como yo de sus hijos si no lo sienten así... lo sentirán... lo sentirán... lo sé..."

Gracias.

Federico Soto del Alba.

Fin de este escrito Original de mi Autoría previamente publicado el 3 de Septiembre de 2025.

An Explainer to my The Shadow and The Smoke.

Religions have Origins in Rationality...

--Skeptics: Fuck off…

This text originated on a comment of mine on Marginalia, the little drawing annotations on the sides of Medieval books.

I did not know Marginalia had medieval origins, they look like Alebrijes, which in México are credited as a 1930s invention, but apparently they caught up until the 1970s.

So, I guess, that's a false attribution. But it might be an independent development…

But there seems to be a Spanish link in Falla, Falla being a torch used in guard posts, used to burn Fallas, as Falla Monuments, Sculptorics, apparently originally made with Garbage that easily burned, it caught up as an art form in 1920-1930, when they used cardboard instead, similar to Alebrijes, which are made from newspaper sheets into a thick glued multi-ply paperboard, same as Piñatas.

And the creator of Alebrijes made Piñatas, among other things.

One thing Wikipedia does not say is that Alebrijes sound similar to Alegrías.

Alegrías are sweet treats in México, made from Amaranto glued with Honey (there was no sugar in Prehispanic México), very popular in México, there used to be sellers of them walking through México's City yelling: Alegrías!, Alegrías!.

Maybe the creator of Alebrijes, Pedro Linares López, misheard Alegrías for Alebrijes when he was perhaps in a stuporous state when he dreamt of Alebrijes.

And in a stuporous state, someone might have said to him: Don't play the fool, which in Spanish is: No te hagas güaje.

A güaje is a solid container made from the tough skin of a pumpkin like fruit, used since Prehispanic times, before the Spanish conquest of what is called now México, to carry liquid, usually water when traveling, but the expression "No te hagas güaje" means don't play the fool or don't pretend you are not listening…

Which when mixing Alegrías with Güaje, can lead to Ale (b an inverted g by 180 degrees rotation clockwise) bri je…

But that's my conjecture, and a very convoluted one. But if Mr. Linares was a dyslexic it can be more solid, specially if he was obsessed about his dyslexia. But it is not necessary, letters and word rotations and transpositions are not unusual in dreams, I suspect specially in Graphic Artists, or Literary Creators.

Nonetheless, in México he was credited as the Father of Alebrijes, regardless of its similarities to fallas, monumental "fallas", with medieval origins, specially when turned three dimensional for example based on Marginalia.

Still, the imagery is common in Near Death Experiences from Medieval Origin: the classical christian view of Hell.

Demons, wings, distorted chimeras, that sort of thing. And the burning comes naturally from there…

As Near Death Experiences are influenced by Religious Belief,

Mr. Linares, like many others probably had a Hellish Near Death Experience colored, maybe, by his Christians Beliefs.

But not all People who have classical Hellish Near Death Experiences are Christian believers, but the imagery is widespread in cultural products, regardless of ones convictions, such as the one shown (to which I commented): Marginalia and Alebrijes, they can be influenced, colored, such by experiences with Hellish or Christian Mythologies regardless of ones Belief..

Used to depict the Underworld, the Netherworld in a bad way: like Hell.

But!, I had such experiences, several of them since I was a kid, except since I never believed in Hell, nor Demons nor Angels, nor God, I had a lot of fun, and made those beings my Friends in my Story "The Shadow and The Smoke".

As references:

https://es.wikipedia.org/wiki/Monumento_fallero

https://es.wikipedia.org/wiki/Alebrije

One thing though, near death experiences look a lot like Hyperrealistic Dreams, more than Lucid/vivid dreams, and as such, what Mr. Linares Dreamt could be considered Tulpas, magical beings created with mere thought. While lucid dreamers do acknowledge there is a difference: Tulpish dreamy beings have a robotic sort of demeanor, while co-dreamers, like real People and Animals are, do not: they behave as real people and animals in Dreams.

And that's what I experienced: like if they were real Demons and Angels in which I did not Believe, and I still don't. But still, as

experiences they were powerful: I can see why People believe Demons and Angels are Real, they behave unlike Tulpas.

And I even had an Ezekielian experience, although an incomplete one, since I did not believe God sent for me, so I can see why people believe in Prophecy and God's commands and missions: they are near death experiences colored by Religious Belief. Nothing more for me…

So, some Religions, including Buddhism most likely have an origin in Near Death Experiences, and after all, a big chunk of them, deal with the afterworld.

Ironic Near Death Experiences were frowned upon as Paranormal, when in fact they can rationally explain Religions.

Silly skeptics…

One difference though is the Demons of my Near Death Experiences were not evil and had no wings, they looked like big human shadows. Angels did had wings, but only when falling, trying to avoid becoming fallen angels.

Silly them, such belief: Fallen Angel, turned them into Demons!. If forced to continue falling despite their wings.

So they didn't fly, they used their wings to avoid becoming Fallen Angels…

Not the most enlightened Spiritual Creatures, Demons knew better.

But neither, like Priests of all Christian colorings actually knew the origins and bases of their Religion, so such silly Angels were not alone.

And funnily, those Demons used causality and morality to warn People not to do bad things, unlike Angels inspiring People to do God's work with mostly bad outcomes: they inspired bad behavior justified as God's Will.

So to me, they were worse, worthy of turning them all into Demons, less pernicious…

But, despite their Human like appearance, worthy of respect from me, I treated them like Ideas, bad ones.

But, trying to reconcile, most likely they could be considered as Undead following Christian Beliefs.

And such is common in many Spiritual Beliefs and Practices as Ancestors. Some of them with incredible super powers, angry, helpful, insightful, forewarners and the like.

Then, Spiritually, for me, all that was left was to figure out, if Human like, undead, Ancestors, how did they became like that?: Demons and Angels.

The Wind.

A set of the Older Gods are Wind like: they speak in ways difficult to understand even by other Gods Themselves.

And usually are credited as Fathers of the Gods, in the West Zeus is a good example.

But the most explanatory for such belief is Ahura Mazda.

Ahura Mazda acts in the world through emanations instantiating, taking Reality, taking form in several Gods or Principles.

Which then compel, inspire, command People to Act.

And the same happens for Angra Mainyu: the twin evil brother of Ahura Mazda.

So, how to reconcile that?.

The Wind, the Father of All the Gods is Human Religious Thought, difficult to hear, difficult to understand for everyone, even for the product of emanations, Spiritually, the lesser Gods, Demons and Angels.

As such, for me, it was not difficult to understand Old Dead Ancestors became Classical Demons and Angels behaving as Christian Common Belief Dictated, distorted from Samaritanism, through Ancient Jewish Religion.

Dead Powerful Ancestors believing and Behaving as classical Demons and Angels, and fitting the Part, Spiritually does not sound ludicrous to me as Spirituality.

Specially when mixed with Scatological Belief.

And those Demons and Angels did wanted a Final Battle among themselves they could not win, neither side: they were already Dead.

So, Spiritually, as Near Death Experience, the best thing to do was guide them to their next Destination, whatever it was, Hell, Heaven, Reincarnation, I could not care less…

But, after they were gone, I lost those Friends and I missed them a lot.

They cared for me, like no human ever did, except for one…

So, those Demons and Angels had Origins as Egregors,: products of collective thinking.

Except they were Undead, Spiritually they were Humans, not mental creations.

Their Beliefs were shaped by Collective Human Belief, but individually they were like Real People in Lucid Dreamers experiences, except in those experiences of mine I did not saw a thing nor heard a thing unlike in some of my dreams: it was all black for me.

Hence the need for the Wind to explain their behavior, illustrated in Zoroastrianism.

Which evolved partially from Hinduism, and Hinduism believes in Reincarnation.

And, neither in my Dreams, nor in my Near Death Experiences I ever met an Egregore.

And that is a 19th/20th Century belief, to me, Spiritually unneeded by the mere following Zoroastrianism.

And it made sense to me since I was a kid, how?, beats me, I never liked being called an Enlightened one.

Fuck that…

Thanks.

Federico Soto del Alba.

Fin de este escrito Original de mi Autoría previamente publicado el Primero de Abril de 2025 (el día de los tontos).

Some of my Tantric Experiences.

Mostly sex, but not all... even in Sex I loved a lot...

This is a spiritual experiences text, strictly speaking non-fiction. I do not claim there is any reality beyond the facts. I do not authorize clinical nor medical use of any information provided in any of my writings including this one.

Well, I had until recently unknowingly tantric sex, dreamy and awaken.

But I don't believe in divinities, nor I guess?, tantric teachings.

Never read it, and I guess I never need it being with someone, dreamy or awaken.

But dreamily, in vivid dreams that I admit don't prove anything about the real world, I even met one community of tantric practitioners somewhat impressed by us when I was 17… through a single appearing male. Like an invitation to join them.

Never dreamt them again, as far as I remember. They were at least twice my age in their appearance. I saw them in that vivid dream having sex, like 30 couples?, I guess. All shiny, like drawn with lighted chalk in a black paper, and moving, just their outlines, like cartoons… with a less shiny skin… without details of where they were, no color for their skins and no outlines to infer their ethnicity.

Their surroundings all black.

And me being so young and my then partner too, I said no.

His narrative is both impressed them, like we caused some noise, ruffle, something. And we both had sex early in the evening and awake. He said last night on the night of that evening. So, to me it was puzzling, but I imagined it was formulaic.

But hey, sometimes I do too much nitpicking on language.

She, my partner was a little older than me, but not by much, And she and I had boyfriend and girlfriend and at least one of the boyfriend or girlfriend was a sibling of one of us, well. More reason to say no. And that illicit but not taboo relationship did not last…

So, I can believe in other people's spirituality and even mine.

But mine is heterodox, assuming, I admit.

And I always wondered how my partners and I would have looked when actually shining, both awake and dreaming, I guess not as I saw those couples, for me its more of a partial fusion, I guess?. Like a ball of light of two partially fused people, that really does not move.

Like we swirled and floated or something, sometimes for at least an hour, in dreams. Weird, it does not feel strictly as having sex, but it is a glory when rarely it happens.

Awaken I pass out, or she passes out, or we both pass out.

And I have orgasmic retrograde amnesia when it is intense, thankfully only retrograde amnesia. Like the time I described: she said she thought I was dead, and I had initially trouble remembering why I was alone, naked and very wet…

Which is still not unlikely because most likely I have at least a

heart condition that could kill me of an arrhythmia. Like having risky sex at the edge of dying.

Hey!, I loved it!.

Not as I saw those couples that I could see them apart in their shining outlines.

And sometimes the fusion feels frightening, like fusing too deeply.

And I never did it with women that were ill-willed, as far as I guessed, it feels bad…

And then there was at least one older woman of foreign appearance with an out of date underwear, a bottom, and an old vinyl record player that looked 70s at the latest. I dreamt of her around 1990, so, like a time travely tantric sex vivid dream. That was actually the first I remembered.

Finally, in vivid dreams it just happens: no kiss, no holding hands, no sex.

The first time that happened to me, as far as I remember I was ten, it was my birthday and I was awake. She was of my same age, spoke my language and lived near me. It lasted very briefly, I was coincidentally walking to play a record as my birthday present. To me it is a dream that leaked into wakefulness.

And it appears I actually met her before at a Resort in another State and later when we were 12yrs old. And it could be she was in a Kinder I was touring to see if it was to be a good fit for me, but I had a baseless on objective grounds suspicion it would have been bad for me to be at that Kinder because it might have put in peril someone in there, like a hunch, a premonition of sorts.

But I can imagine or interpret we met in dreams and I was remembering at a poor timing moment. Like a leaky vivid dream. And I speculate such leaks from dreams into reality can cause illusions and even hallucinations. Some such leaks could explain visions of ghost, angels, demons or spirits as vivid dream epiphenomena.

Even some prophecies, I had one such dream that I haven't published in my main The Shadow and the Smoke. It is one heavy reason I don't believe in sacred texts. I can't, I had spiritual experiences that make it impossible for me even if I wanted.

So, I try not to dream with people or in situations I am familiar with and I will be recurring to in reality, awake. It may lead to confusion. But mostly I can tell them apart. But not many people can…

I never knew who she actually was, all we knew is we could not be together for some reason even if we could find each other in reality.

And telling me her name most likely would not have worked: I have anomia. I forget names on and off. People thought I was rude, even an asshole because I had trouble using their names, and only once I explained why.

They thought I didn't care remembering their names. I tried a lot of tricks to do so since I was a kid and it didn't work for most names.

That friend felt bad when I explained to him. So I never did it again.

Giving me her address has a name in it most likely. I had lots of

trouble with Geography too!.

I also had vivid dreamy sex with an older female that gave me a nipple orgasm. It was extraordinary.

And those are the ones I can remember with some effort when there is something reminding me of them. Even in my real sexual life I need to elaborate, in part from what I said before, but not always. And then in my real life I had a lot of ocasional sex, not casual sex, like a lot.

And on tantra, I loved them all, not in-love, but loved them. For me it was not "just sex". I fall in love easily, but I never thought it gave me some right to try to be a longer term couple with most of them. Rarely I acted looking for more, maybe a few times.

So now I see my previous sexual life as truly open. I see now my romantic, love relationships with so many women as truly open. So, lucky me!.

And me loving so easily could explain in part why I had such frequent and I guess unusually frequent and abundant ocasional sex: my honest loving face must have felt good and attractive.

So I imagine me honestly feeling it showed in my face with little doubt and easy to perceive, and that made me more attractive and easier to trust. And since I was trustworthy, loving and caring I was very lucky with females.

Privileged even…

And the vision of those tantric sex couples was not unfamiliar to me: I had such view of many animals when dreaming of being with another animal, a very large and in the discourse fierce.

He had in my dreams the ability to see life across the world and across time. Dreamily we became friends. He is famous and actually kind of contemporary.

I love him so much. And our lives had apparently parallels. I feared, and still do, we could die at almost the same time for reasons or motives I don't know. Sometimes I wished for it, but the dude is a tough one…

He was the only animal I dreamt about that could do that. I dreamt of many, even some unusual to talk to following classical Buddhist teachings. There is another, but it is way more incredible…

I had a near death experience or almost one, a shared one?, of bottom of the sea creatures shining that way. And they were more numerous than the ones I had dreaming of my non-Human animal friend.

But, I must admit, I had dreams and near death experiences that could be considered a Psychopomp's ones.

But, in trying full disclosure I had several near death experiences when I was slept. I still do, but they were never frightening to me. Only the first I considered a nightmare: I saw wars before the 20th Century, there were no machine guns and no modern military uniforms. And I was under 2yrs old then and awake. And I haven't had a nightmare in more than 4 decades.

And I never liked to consider myself enlightened. Now, I know why: I had near dead experiences since I was very young and most were while sleeping. In a situation I was more opened to spirituality.

And the way I am since very young is similar to near death

experiencers'.

Even the Buddha had one, and to me it explains his philosophy, religion and spirituality. And the Buddha had no way of knowing that. It was after the 2000s there were enough narratives to infer it is not madness, disease nor religion, but an effect of being almost dead, or very, very scared.

And even skeptics don't really get they don't get it: dreams and near death experiences could as narratives explain some spiritualities and religions.

I've been there, that's the reason my disclaimer is at the top of all my writings for the public. And at the beginning of what was to be my book The Shadow and the Smoke. So it applies to all of them.

And I never talked about such experiences or beliefs, because even believers in eastern religions were not only disrespectful to me, but violent, and some were part of my family.

And until recently I had no physical evidence I had near death experiences. And talking about it would have labeled me as mad since even now, most health care people really don't know what a near death experience does to the beliefs, attitudes and behavior of people having one. To the long term survivors, who are less than 1-5%, I think.

So they go to psychology and psychiatry to disease the normal for near death experiencers like me. And they are like skeptics: vitriolic, recalcitrantly stubborn and ignorant of epistemics in the can't disprove things outside Science. Like religion and spirituality.

And all of them broke the law against me. So more reason for me

to never ever talk to a psychologist or a psychiatrist.

But I admit, in reality, does not prove anything.

It does not have to, it can't. No one can disprove my experiences, and I am in no obligation to prove them to anyone. It is in the law, I have that right. And everyone else is forced by law to respect my beliefs and experiences even if they are ignorant or oblivious of that obligation.

And on top of that not only psychologists, clinical psychologists, psychiatrists and prominent skeptics like James Randi showed no effective understanding that not only Science can't disprove anything spiritual, including religion. But empiricism can't either, doing tests or experiments really can't disprove anything about spiritual things.

But laypeople, the average Joe in the street really believes it can disprove spiritual things.

It cannot.

And the responsibility the average Joe does not know falls to me without doubt to teachers, psychologists, clinical psychologists, psychiatrists and prominent skeptics that do not show effective knowledge of the requirements for something to be Scientific, studied by Science or merely by empirical methods in the intellectual world we live today.

Thanks for asking.

Really, Thanks.

Federico Soto del Alba.

Fin de este escrito Original de mi Autoría previamente publicado el 3 de Enero de 2025.

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